

JUNE

No. 12

10^c

WIT COMICS

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6

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL
ADVENTURE OF
HERCULES



IN THIS ISSUE
THE RED BEE • DON GLORY
Betty Bates • The Strange Twins..
LION | BOB AND | NEON THE | AND MANY
BOY | SWAB | UNKNOWN | OTHERS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JUST LIKE *Flying!*



THAT'S *bike-riding* WHEN YOUR BIKE
HAS A **MORROW** COASTER BRAKE

Don't envy aviators! You can fly, too — (or seem to) if your bike is equipped with the world famous Morrow Coaster Brake. You'll go zooming over hills and whizzing down straight-aways when you're coasting with a Morrow.

The Morrow Brake, you see, has 31 BIG, precision ball bearings which spin and spin in a hardened raceway—insuring absolutely free

coasting. And a huge bronze brake shoe that GRIPS the heat-treated steel hub — insures quick, easy stopping.

Be sure your bike's Morrow-equipped. It doesn't cost you a penny more—and all manufacturers use Morrow. Tell your bicycle dealer that's what you want.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

The MODERN **MORROW**

WIN this CAR!

JUST SEND US A
NAME

We will give this car to you for sending us the most outstanding name for it! Can't you just imagine yourself driving it down the street? IT'S NOT A TOY—this is a real car and all you have to do to get it is to send us the best name for it. This BIG little racing car has a 4-cycle air-cooled gasoline motor, big 16x4-inch balloon tires and a wheel base of 60 inches. It is 88 inches long and 26 inches high and can be driven from 5 to 25 miles per hour, using about only one gallon of gas for each 70 miles.

Send in the name you think fits this car. Names like "Flashing Arrow," "Speed King," and "Wonder Racer" are suitable, but you can think of a much better one. Remember, the car is just like the one shown in the picture above. It is a BIG, snappy-looking racer with a REAL MOTOR and it will be given to the boy or girl who sends in the best name for it. Send your car name TODAY!

**Mail Your
Name Today**



\$100.00
IN ADDITIONAL
CASH PRIZES

25 Prizes for Boys and Girls

In addition to the car, we are also going to give 24 other big cash prizes to the boys and girls sending in the next best names. The car itself is First Prize; Second Prize will be \$30.00; Third Prize will be \$15.00; Fourth Prize will be \$10.00; Fifth Prize will be \$5.00; and the next 20 prizes will be \$2.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in the event of ties. This offer is open to everyone living in the United States with the exception of those who have won major cash prizes from us since January 1, 1936. You should

send in but one name for the car and your entry must be mailed before May 24, 1941.

IT'S EASY TO WIN

Think of all the fun you would have driving a REAL CAR like this. You would be more popular than ever with a streamlined racer and even running errands would be fun. It pays to be prompt, so send us your name for the car RIGHT AWAY! The name you have in mind now may win a prize. Just write your name for the car on a penny postcard, sign your own name and address and mail it to:

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB, 62 Capper Building, Topeka, Kansas



GROOKS AND NATURE
CONSPIRE TO MAKE
THINGS HOT FOR
HERCULES, BUT
THE STRONG MAN
SHOWS THEM HE'S
TOUGHER THAN NAILS
OR STONE.

by
GREGG POWERS

THE TELLER OF A SMALL WEST-
ERN BANK IS CLOSING FOR
THE NIGHT WHEN SUDDENLY...

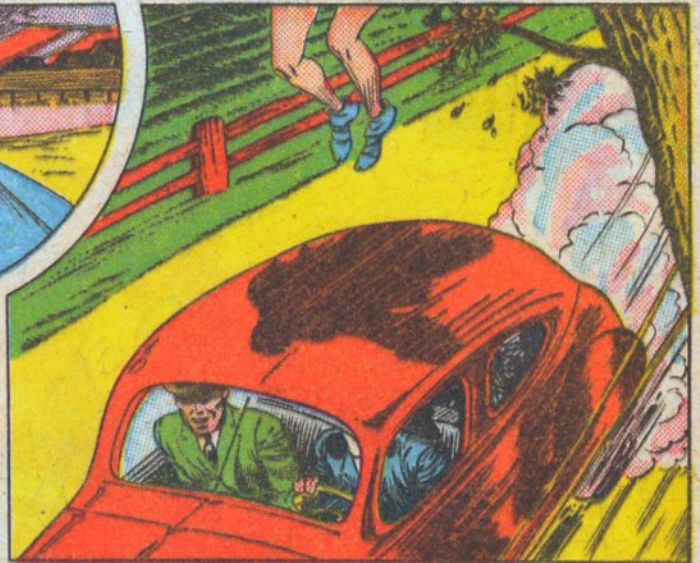
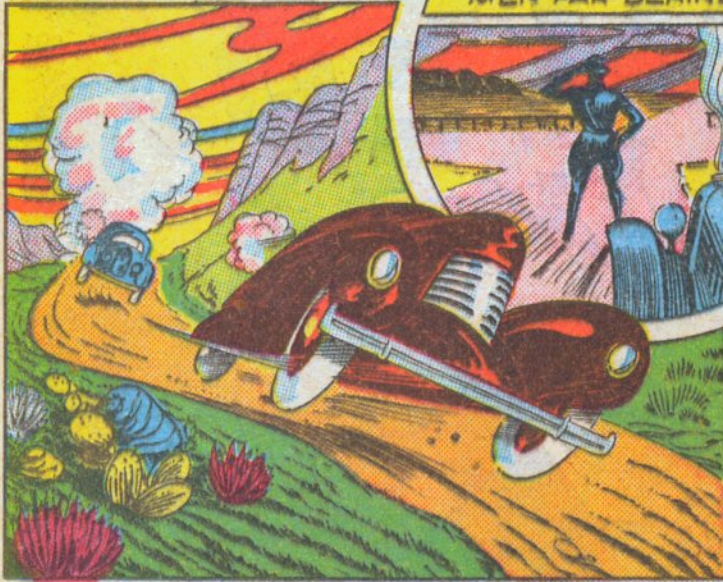
IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES,
THE ENTIRE DAYS RECEIPTS
ARE GONE.



THE LOCAL POLICE TEAR DOWN THE HIGHWAY AFTER THE BRAZEN ROBBERS.

BUT THE SPEEDIER CROOKS SOON LEAVE THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN FAR BEHIND.

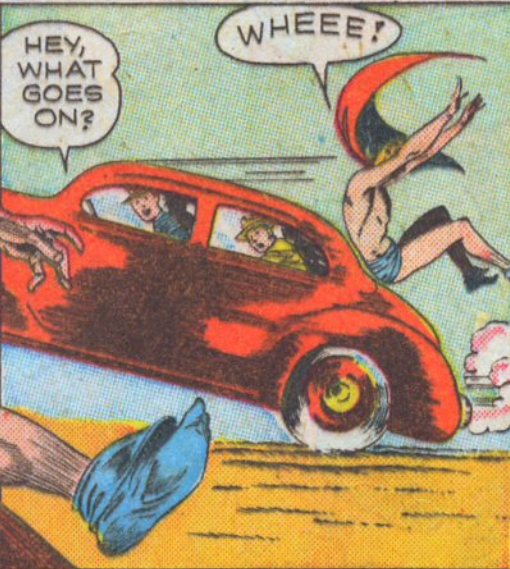
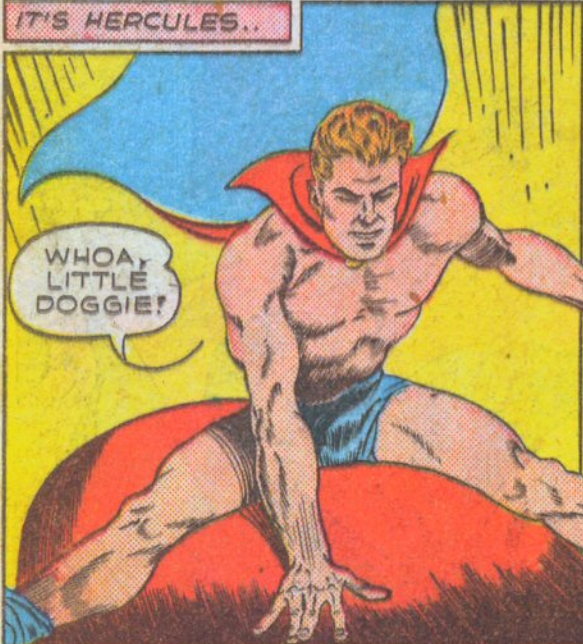
SUDDENLY, AS THE OUTLAWS SPEED ACROSS THE WINDSWEEPED PRAIRIES, A FIGURE DROPS FROM AN OVERHANGING BRANCH.



IT'S HERCULES..

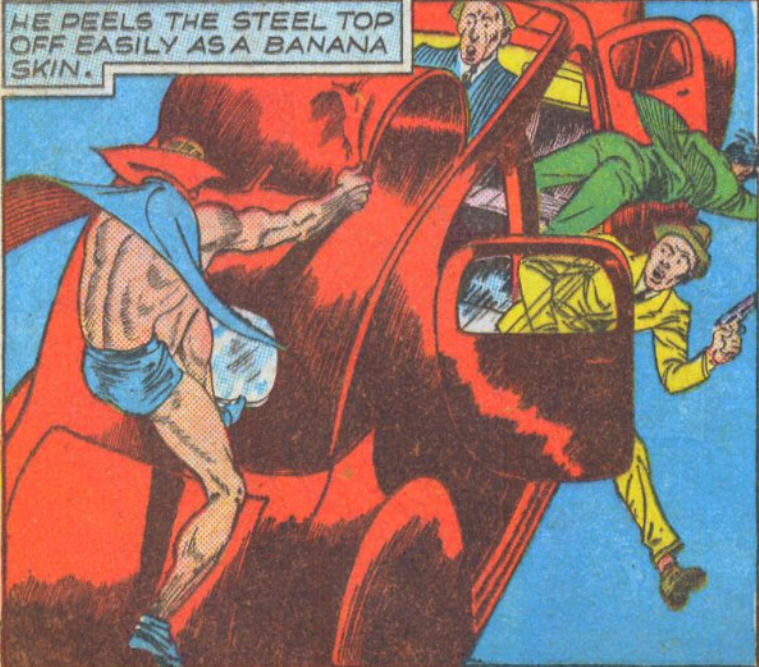
HE SLIDES DOWN THE STREAM-LINED ROOF... AND HE. . .

SINKS THE REAR BUMPER DEEP IN THE MUD.



HE PEELS THE STEEL TOP OFF EASILY AS A BANANA SKIN.

CHINS UP, BOYS! THAT'S THE WAY TO TAKE IT!





IN A TOWERING RAGE CARPIS SHOOTS DOWN HIS OWN MEN FOR THEIR MISTAKE. . . .



THE BULLETS BOUNCE FROM HERCULES. . . .



NOW IT'S MY TURN TO GET SORE!



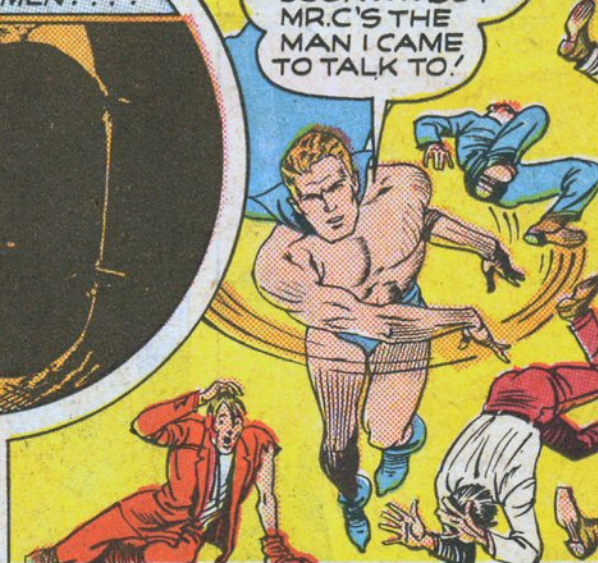
MORE GANG MEMBERS RUN FROM OTHER ROOMS TO JOIN THE BIG BATTLE. . . .



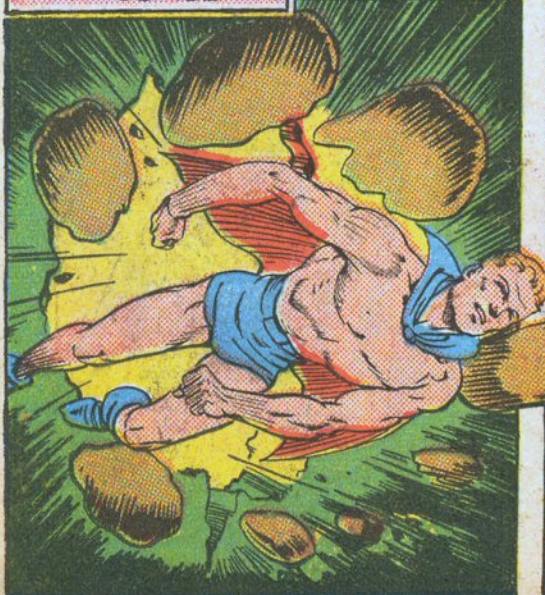
IN THE MELEE CARPIS SLIPS AWAY WITH A FEW OF HIS MEN. . . .



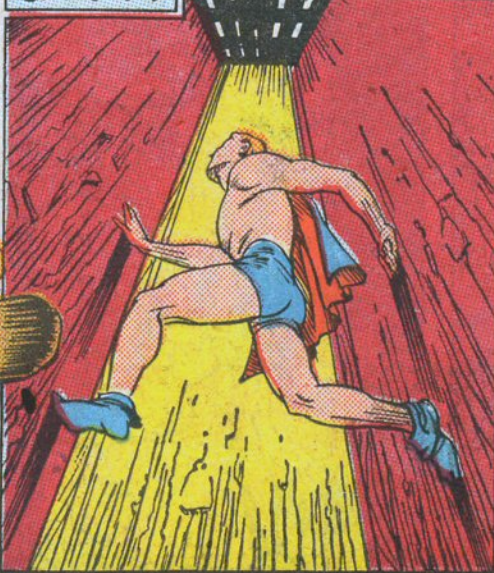
SORRY TO LEAVE YOU BOYS SO SOON.... BUT MR.C'S THE MAN I CAME TO TALK TO!



LIKE A TORPEDO, HERCULES SHOOTS THROUGH THE BLOCKED PASSAGE. . .



PRESSING ARMS AND LEGS AGAINST THE SHAFT WALLS, HE FOLLOWS THE ELEVATOR UP. . . .



THERE THEY GO... INTO THE WOODS!



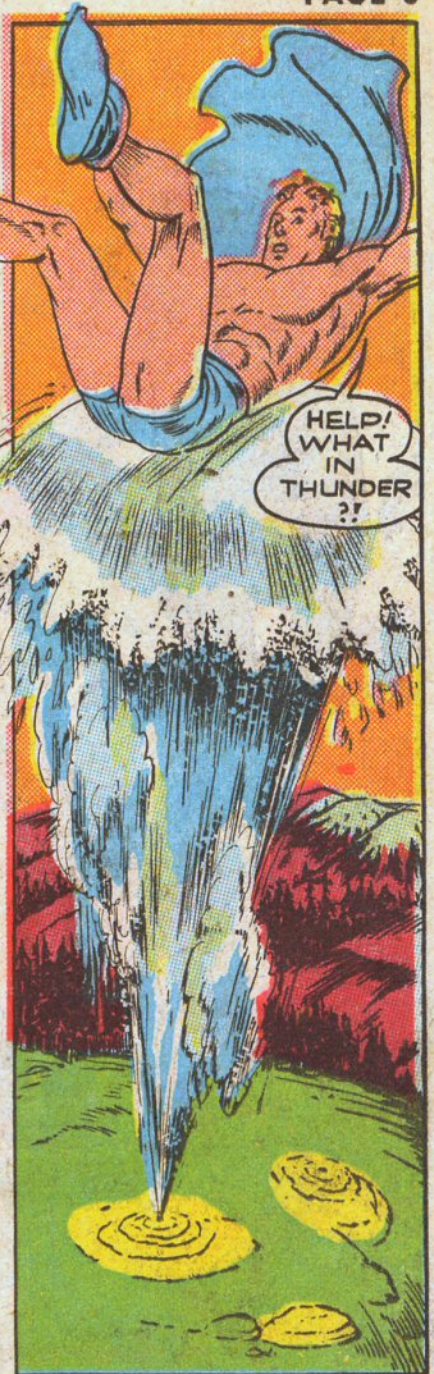
COME ON, YOU MUGS!
WE'LL LEAD HIM OVER
THE GIANT GEYSER..
IT'S DUE TO SPOUT
IN 20 SECONDS!



THEIR PLAN IS WORKING..
HERCULES DASHES ACROSS
THE GEYSER..AND..



HELP!
WHAT
IN
THUNDER
?!

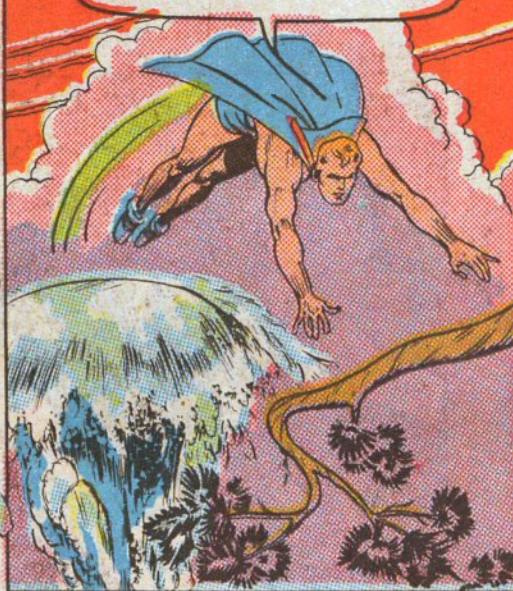


HERCULES GETS BOUNCED
ON THE CREST OF THE
GIANT SPOUT.

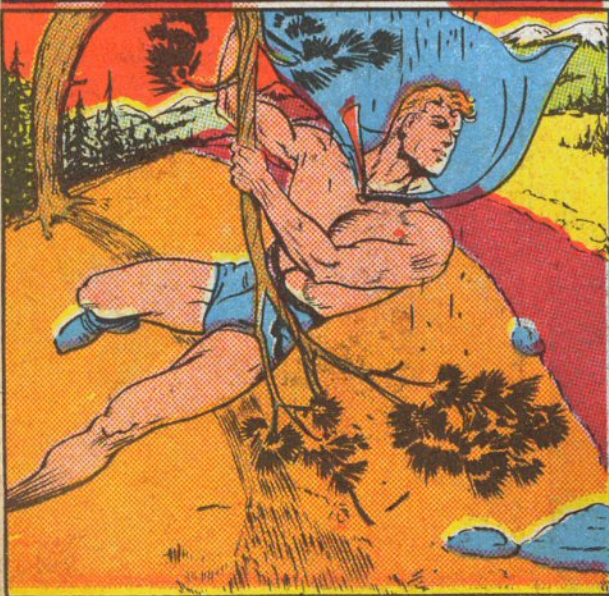


THIS
IS
FUN
BUT..

I'VE GOT BUSINESS..
THERE GOES CARPIS!



LEAPING TO A TALL PINE HE BENDS
IT TO THE GROUND, ALMOST IN THE
PATH OF THE FLEEING GANGSTERS.



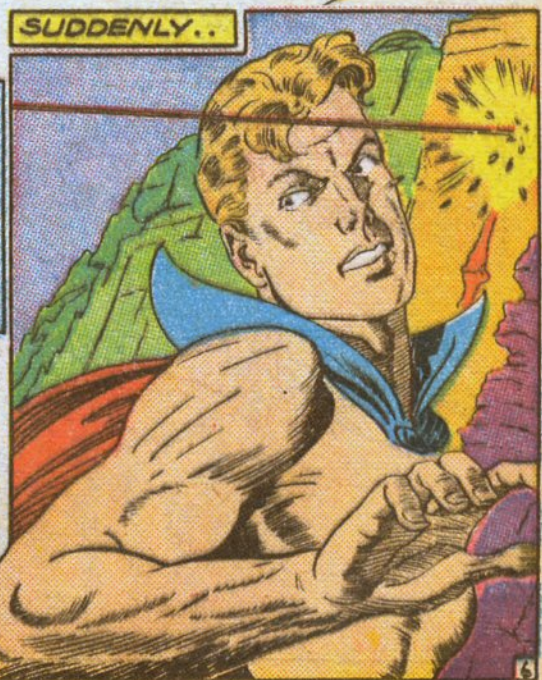
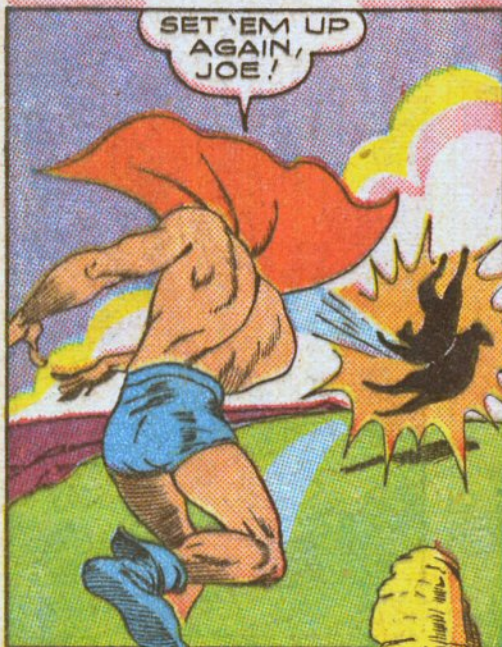
AS THEY RUN THE
CROOKS FIRE UPON A
PACK OF GRIZZLIES
FORAGING IN THE PARK'S
RUBBISH HEAP..



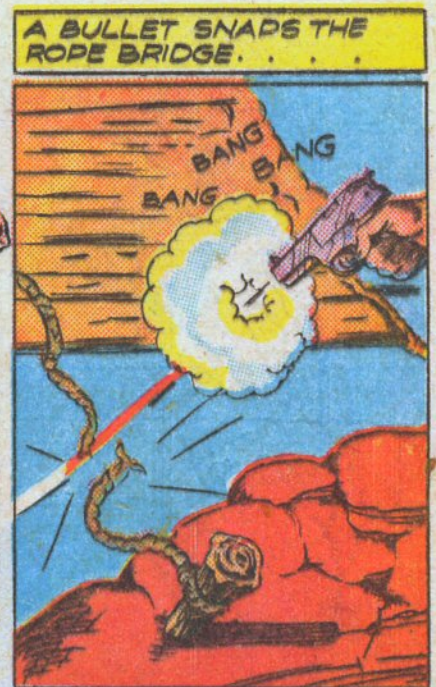
THE GREAT BEASTS
REAR IN ANGER..



GRRRR
BRR



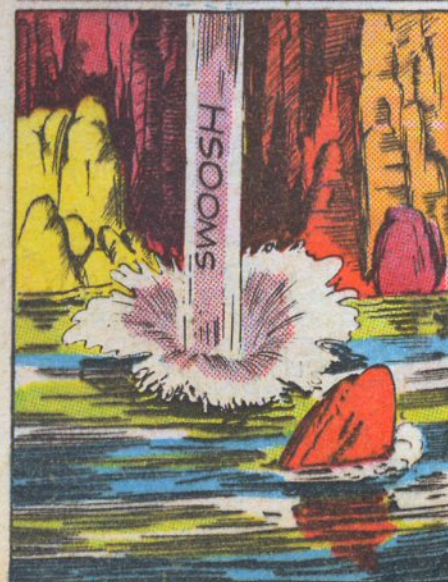
EVEN THE TALL FIGURE OF HERCULES IS DWARFED BY THE GRANDEUR OF NATURE AS HE SPEEDS THROUGH THE TOWERING CLIFFS INTO THE GULCH.



AND HERCULES GOES TUMBLING DOWN. . . .



HE BREAKS WATER AND HIS GREAT MOMENTUM CARRIES HIM UP AND UP. . . .



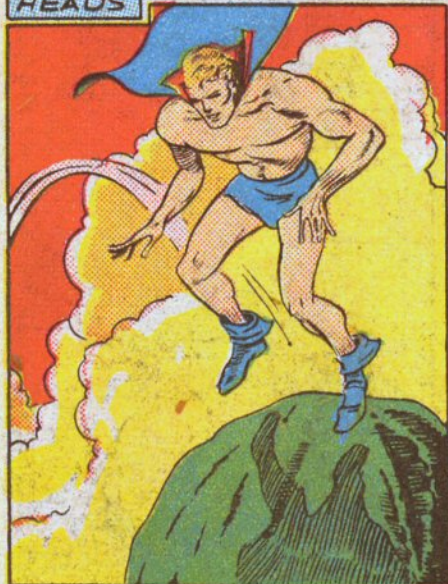
CROUCHING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER AND GATHERING ALL HIS STRENGTH. . .



AS HE PASSES THE LEDGE HE PICKS OFF ONE OF THE CROOKS..



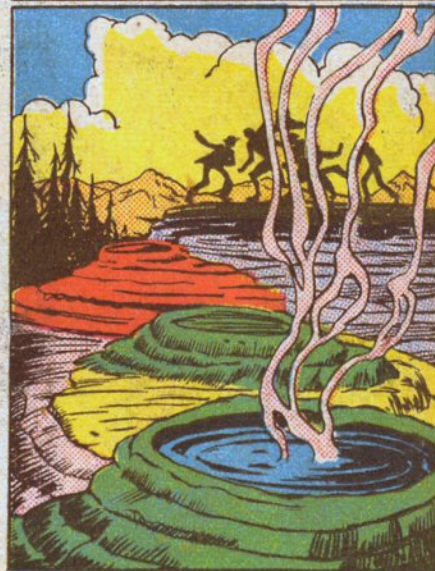
HERCULES' AMAZING LEAP CARRIES HIM TO A ROCK HIGH ABOVE THE CROOKS' HEADS.



WE'LL SPLIT UP AND MEET IN THE OLD DEATH CAVERN. HURRY!



AS ONE GROUP CHASES ACROSS THE BOILING HOT SPRINGS, HERCULES CATCHES UP WITH THEM.



BETTER GIVE UP, BOYS, OR YOU'LL LAND IN THE SOUP!



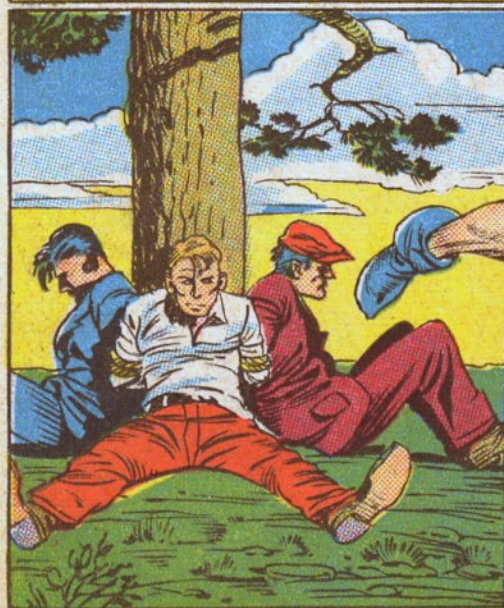
ONE OF HIS VICTIMS IS SENT WHIRLING INTO A TAILSPIN OVER THE BUBBLING CAULDRON...



AS HIS COHORTS HEAR HIS LAST SCREAMS OF AGONY, THEY LOSE HEART.



AND SURRENDER TO HERCULES WITHOUT FURTHER RESISTANCE.

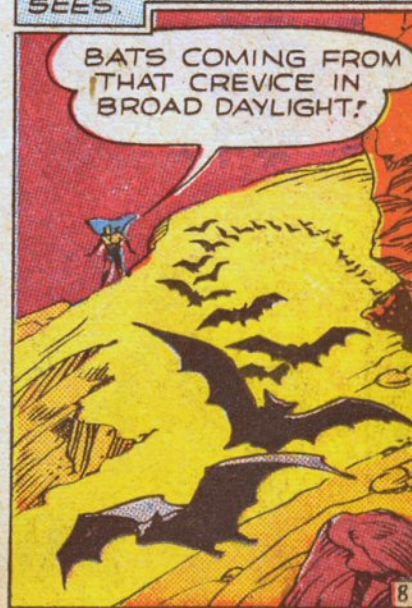


I'LL ROUND YOU UP LATER, WHEN I FIND THE REST OF THE GANG AND CUTIE-BOY CARPIS!



HE SEARCHES THROUGH THE PARK... SUDDENLY HE SEES.

BATS COMING FROM THAT CREVICE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!



HE SQUEEZES DOWN THE NARROW FISSURE...



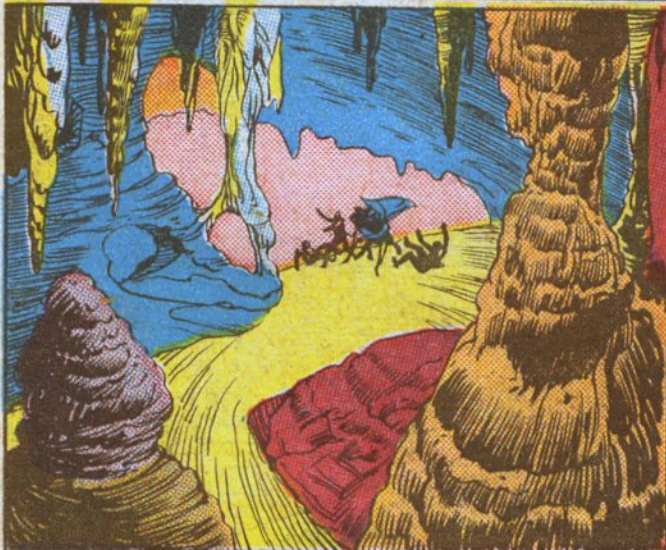
HE FINDS THE GANG IN THE DEEP DARK CAVERN.



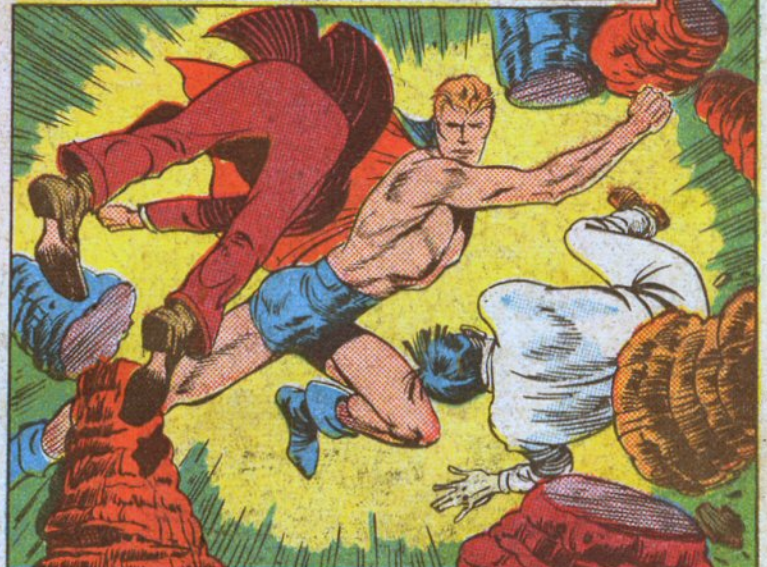
JUST A MINUTE! DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!



ECHOES OF THE VICIOUS BATTLE RING THROUGH THE LONG CORRIDORS OF THE CAVE.



GIANT STALACTITES CRASH BEFORE HERCULES' TORNADO ONSLAUGHT.



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CAVERN TWO FOREST RANGERS HEAR THE NOISE.



THEY'RE ALL YOURS. . . AND YOU'LL FIND SOME MORE NEAR THE HOT SOUP KETTLES...



YOU OUGHT TO GET A NICE PROMOTION FOR BRINGING IN THE CARPIS GANG. GOOD LUCK!

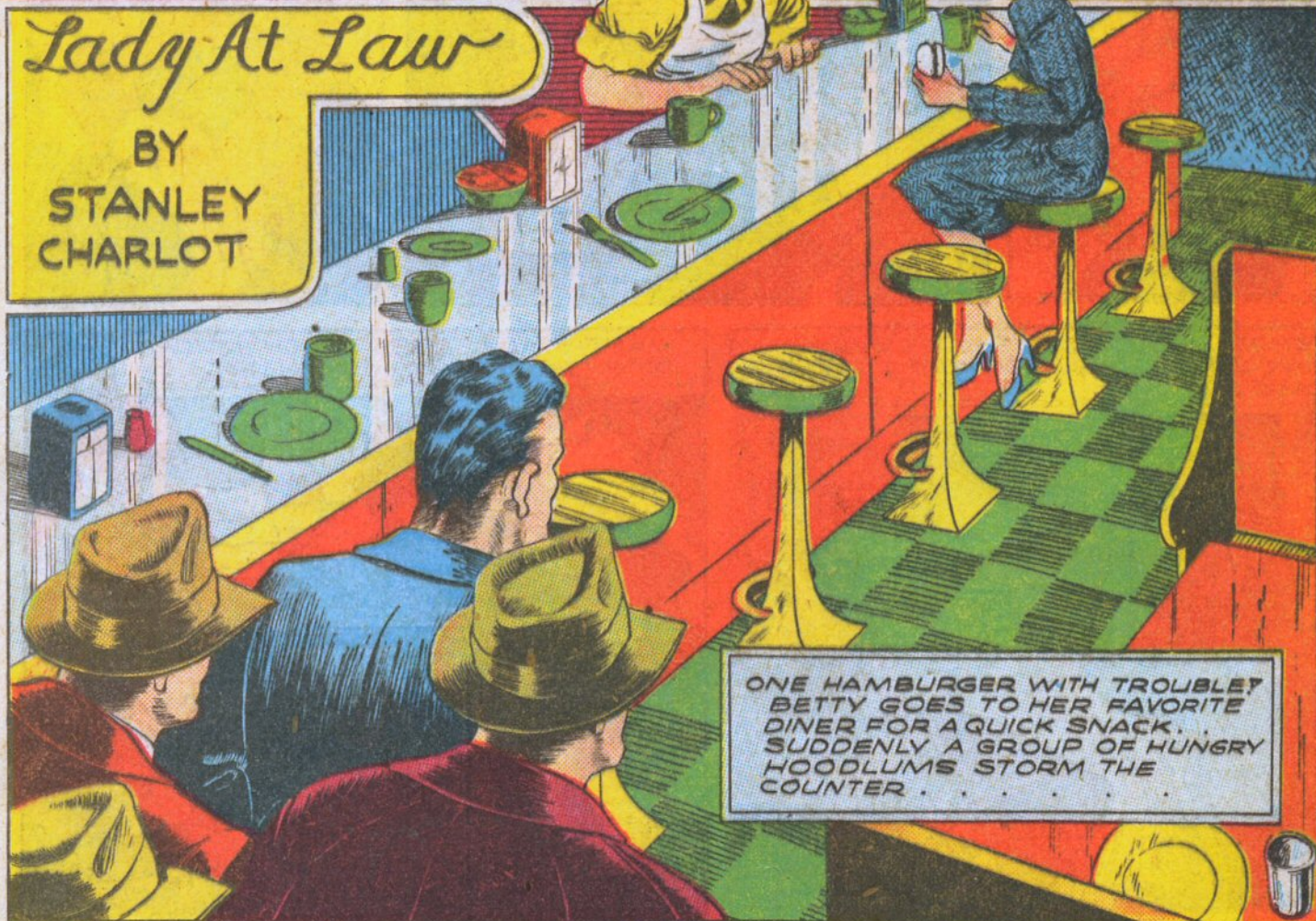


HERCULES AND ADVENTURE MEET AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **HIT COMICS**.

BETTY BATES

Lady At Law

BY
STANLEY
CHARLOT



ONE HAMBURGER WITH TROUBLE?
BETTY GOES TO HER FAVORITE
DINER FOR A QUICK SNACK.
SUDDENLY A GROUP OF HUNGRY
HOODLUMS STORM THE
COUNTER



WHAT'LL
YE HAVE,
JOE?

HAMBOIGER
WIT'
OUT,
MOE!

'NODDER
CUP OF
CAWFFEE!

'SCUSE,
ME BOARDIN'
HOUSE
REACH!

HEY,
LEM-
ME SEE
DE MENU!

THE GANG FILLS UP...
THEY WALK OUT AFTER
THE MEAL ONE BY ONE,
EACH GESTURING TO
THE MAN BEHIND HIM.



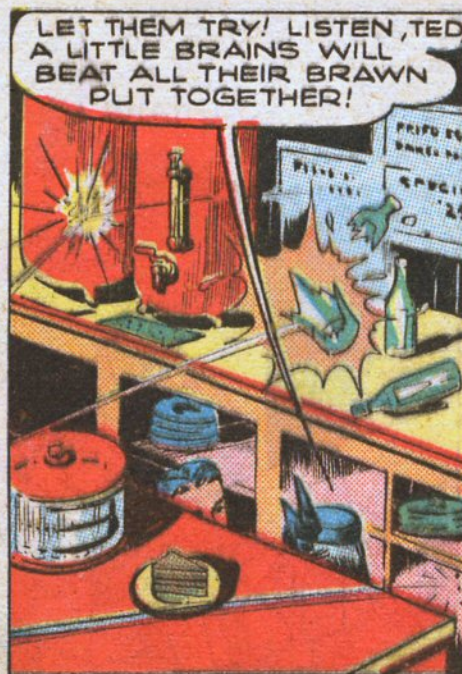
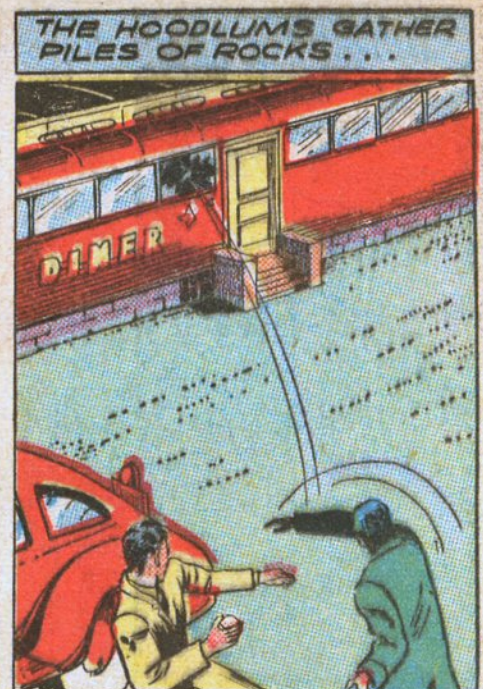
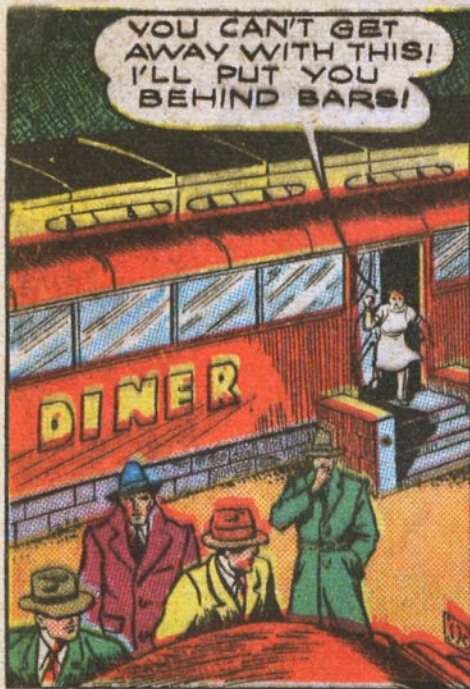
NAW, HE'LL
PAY!

HE'LL
PAY!

SO LONG,
SUCKER!



TED!
THEY LEFT
WITHOUT
PAYING
YOU!





THE THUGS ARE OVER-WHELMED BY BETTY'S FLATTERY.. SURE! THEY'LL SIGN ANYTHING! SILENTLY SHE HANDS THEM THE PAPERS..



THEY TAKE A LOOK ...



IT SAYS "FOR NON PAYMENT OF RESTAURANT BILL"....



COOLY BETTY WALKS OUT..



A THUG GRABS THE PHONE.

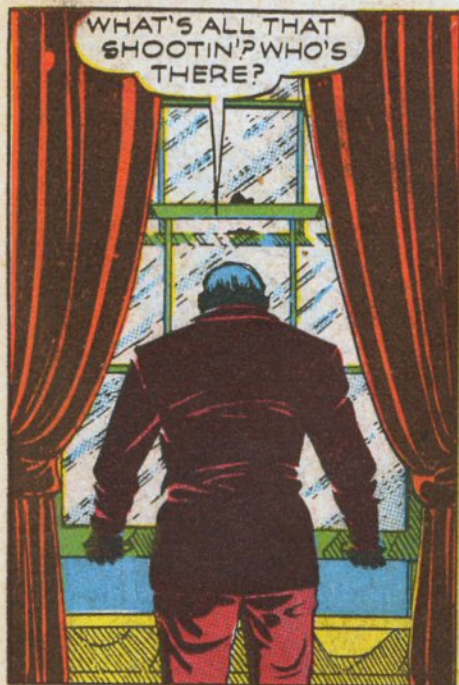


LISSEN, YOU DUMB CLUCKS! IF YER SO STUPID YOU LET A DAME PUT THAT OVER ON YOU, TAKE CARE OF 'EM YERSELVES!



SUDDENLY THE SHARP REPORT OF TWO SHOTS IS HEARD OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.





THE MAN'S SWEETHEART GLOWERS IN JEALOUS RAGE. . .



SHE SEES BETTY SLIP A PAPER INTO HIS POCKET.



MIKE! DON'T LET HER GO! SHE JUST SERVED A PAPER ON YOU!



THE GANGSTER'S MOLL BLOCKS THE WAY. . . BETTY STARTS A HEN FIGHT. . .



SUDDENLY THE GIRL TURNS HER ATTENTION FROM BETTY. . .



THAT'S THAT!
NOW I'LL
GO OVER
AND TELL
TED WHAT
TO EXPECT!



TED...I SERVED SUB-
POENAS ON ALL THOSE
THUGS...I FOUND OUT
THEY BELONG TO
RENELLA'S
MOB...SMALL-
TIME
GANGSTERS!



BUT YA SHOULDNTA
DONE THAT! THEY'LL
GET SORE AND
COME AROUND
HERE TO START
TROUBLE!

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I WANT
THEM TO
DO!



JUST THEN CARS SCREECH TO
A HALT OUTSIDE HIS DINER.



THERE!
SEE?

RENELLA'S CUTTHROATS EMERGE...



C'MON,
SPEED
IT UP!

BREAK IN THE DOOR...
WE'LL SHOW SQUAWK-
ERS HOW WE WORK!



BUT RENELLA DOESN'T COUNT
ON BETTY, WHO SLIDES OUT
FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.



WHO SHOWS WHO
HOW TO WORK?

YEEOW!



IMMEDIATELY POLICE STATIONED
BY TED FOR PROTECTION POUR
FROM THE KITCHEN.



THE THUGS AND POLICE LOOSE HAILS OF LEAD...



BETTY ALSO DIVES IN...



AND TED USES POTS AND PIES FOR AMMUNITION...



ONE THUG FLIES WITH ELEPHANTINE GRACE ONTO THE STOVE...



AND MEETS TED'S BOILING SOUP POTS EN ROUTE... HOT SEAT!!



SOON THE FLOOR IS PILED WITH GROANING GANGSTERS...



ONE WEEK LATER...



TEN YEARS IN THE JUG...



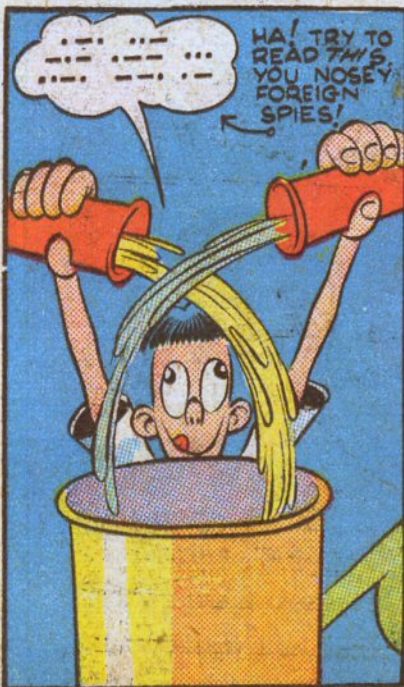
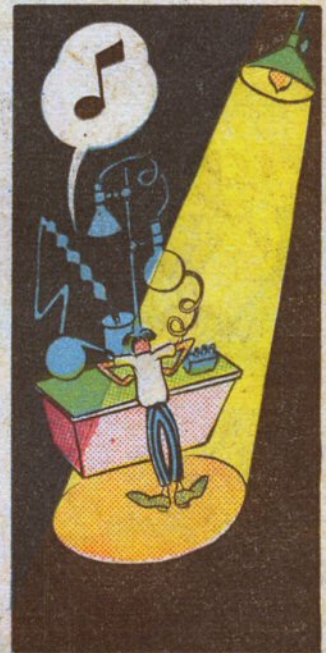
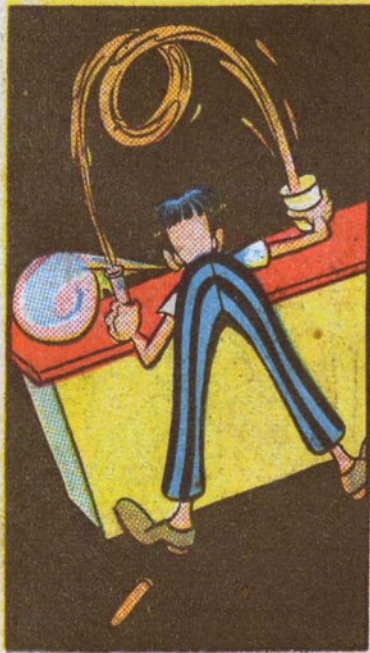
THOSE BOYS WILL GET PLENTY OF FREE LUNCHES FROM NOW ON... 3,650 OF 'EM!



BETTY BATES MATCHES WITS WITH MORE UNDERWORLD TOUGHS IN NEXT MONTH'S **HIT** COMICS.

Dan Toofin

the MADCAP CHEMIST



The Strange TWINS

by S.M. Regi



AMERICA BOUND! THE TWINS HAVE BOARDED A LINER HEADING EASTWARD ACROSS THE PACIFIC...

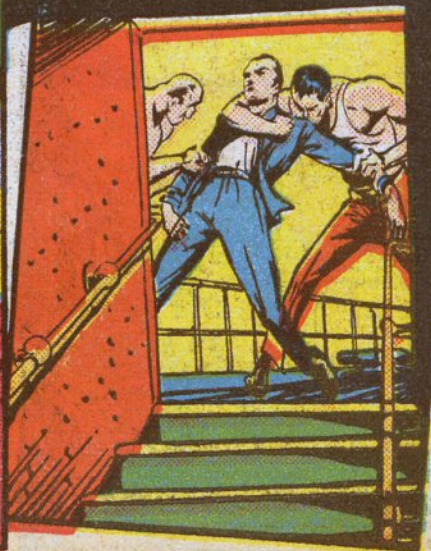
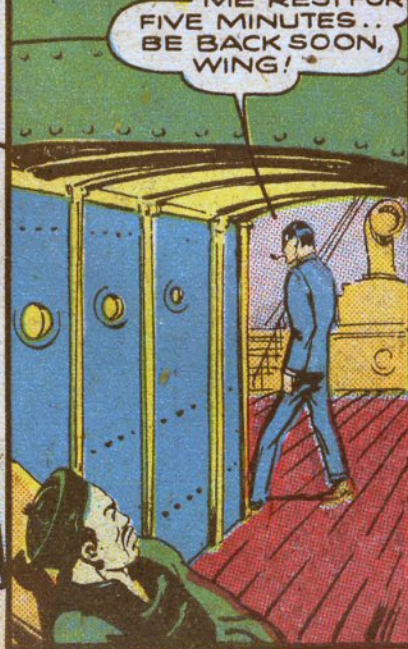


BUT BEFORE DOUGLAS STRANGE REACHES THE BRIDGE...

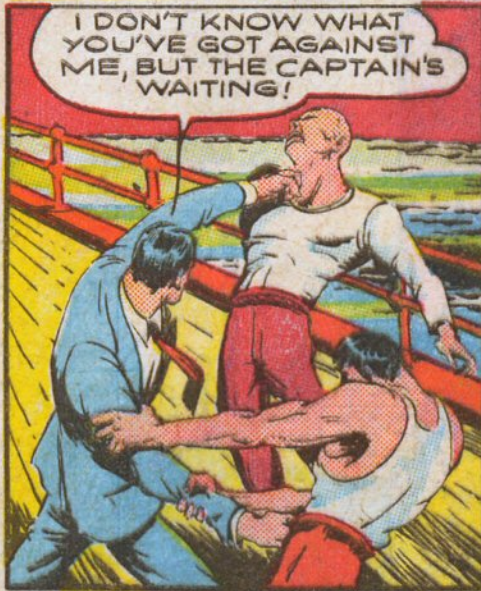
INSPECTOR STRANGE, THE CAPTAIN WISHES TO SEE YOU, SIR... IT'S URGENT!



CAN'T LET ME REST FOR FIVE MINUTES... BE BACK SOON, WING!



DOUGLAS WHIPS INTO HIS ASSAILANTS.. BUT...



HE IS KICKED INTO A CABIN AND LOCKED UP.



A FEW MINUTES LATER RODNEY STRANGE JOINS WING LOW ON DECK...



JUST THEN...



HE THINKS I'M DOUG.. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? NOW, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE BRIDGE LONG AGO.. SOMETHING'S UP!



ROD VISITS THE CAPTAIN IN PLACE OF HIS TWIN.



THEY'RE ASKING US TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A GROUP OF SMUGGLERS OPERATING IN THESE SEAS, SELLING VITAL MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO THE ENEMY!



CAPTAIN, DOES ANYONE BUT YOURSELF KNOW OF THIS MESSAGE?

ONLY THE RADIO OPERATOR. WHY?



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! COME HERE, YOU!

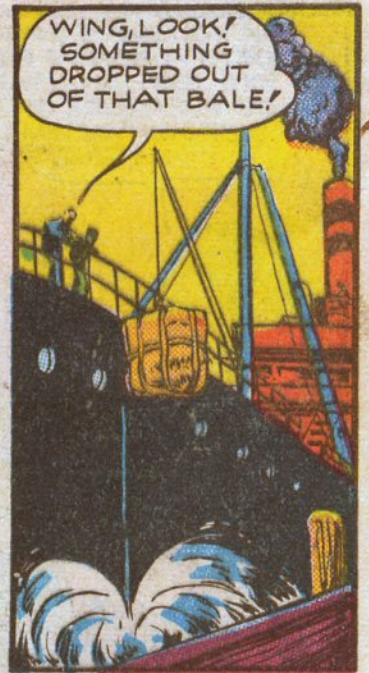




A SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE SHIP PROVES FUTILE...



AT THE DOCKS IN HONOLULU.



THE TRUCK ROLLS UP BEFORE A HUT, HIDDEN IN A GROVE BEHIND ROLLING PINEAPPLE PLANTATIONS.



HERE Y'ARE, BOSS. IT'S ALL HERE. AN' WOT'S MORE, WE BRUNG YA A NICE LITTLE PRESENT!

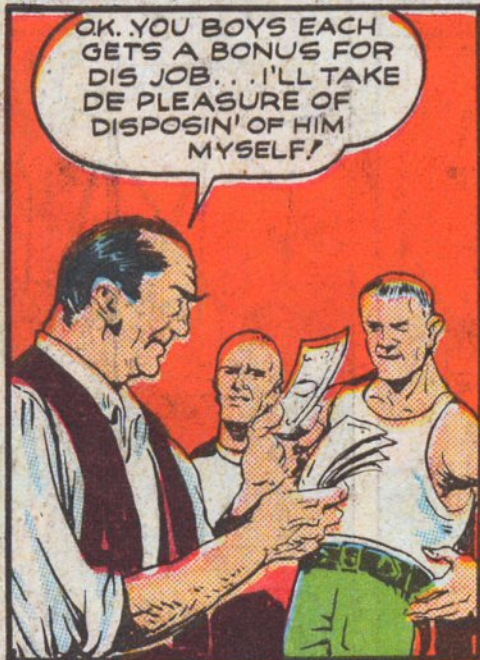


OUT OF THE BALES OF COTTON ROLLS DOUG.

DOUG STRANGE! SO THEY PUT THE FAMOUS LONDON DICK ON MY TRAIL! I MUST BE GETTIN' IMPORTANT!



OK. YOU BOYS EACH GETS A BONUS FOR DIS JOB... I'LL TAKE DE PLEASURE OF DISPOSIN' OF HIM MYSELF!



MEANWHILE ROD AND WING HAVE SPRUNG INTO ACTION OUTSIDE.



ATTABOY! BOTTOMS UP!



THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!

HURRY INSIDE. FEAR BROTHER DOUG IN UN-HAPPY POSITION!



QUIETLY THEY SLIP UP TO THE DOOR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, WING! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



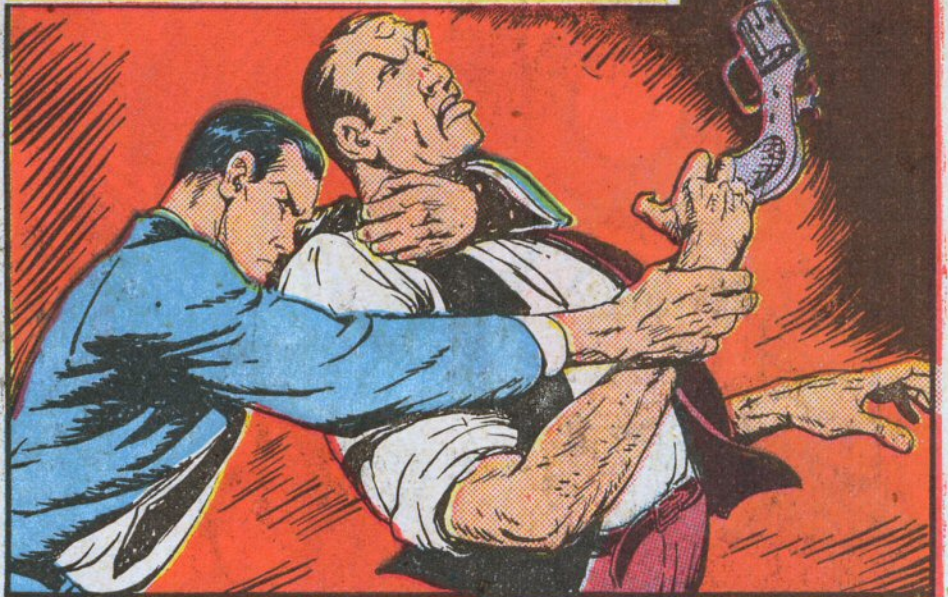
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM DE BALES... IF HE FALLS ON 'EM HE'LL GET 'EM BLOODY!



BUT BEFORE THE SMUGGLER CAN PRESS HIS TRIGGER FINGER...



ROD LEAPS UPON HIM WITH THE FURY OF A WILD ANIMAL.



FREED, DOUGLAS LASHES INTO HIM TOO, AS MORE THUGS RUSH TO THEIR BOSS'S AID.



BUT WING LOW INTERCEPTS IN TIME.



HEY! LEGGO MY EAR!

GIVE LIFT TO FACE, MAKE PRETTY!



SOON THE ENTIRE GANG IS ROLLED SECURELY IN THE BALES.



WE LEAVE THE STRANGE TWINS AND OLD WING LOW TO WANDER ALONG THE TROPIC BEACH, UNTIL ADVENTURE CATCHES UP WITH THEM AGAIN...



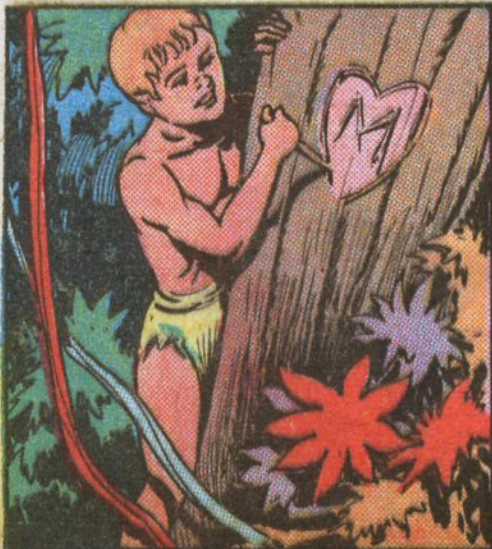
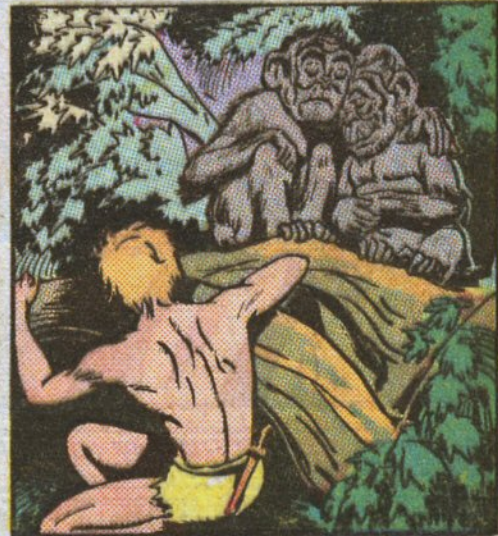
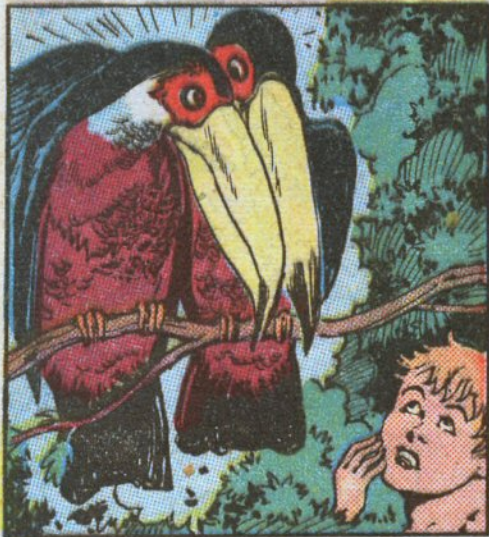
IN NEXT MONTH'S HIT COMICS.

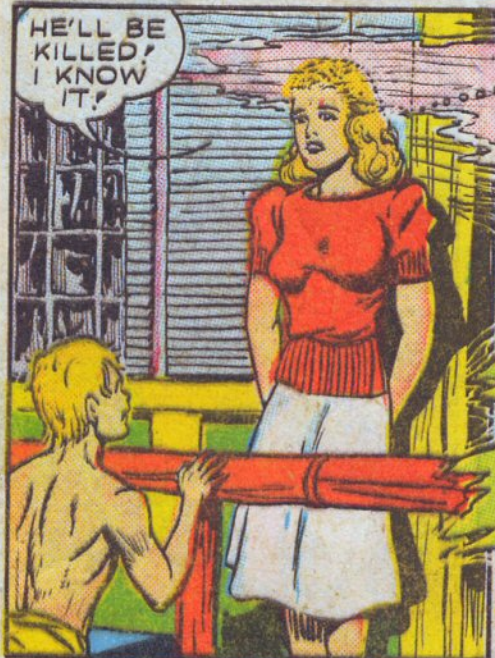
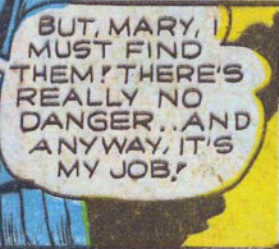
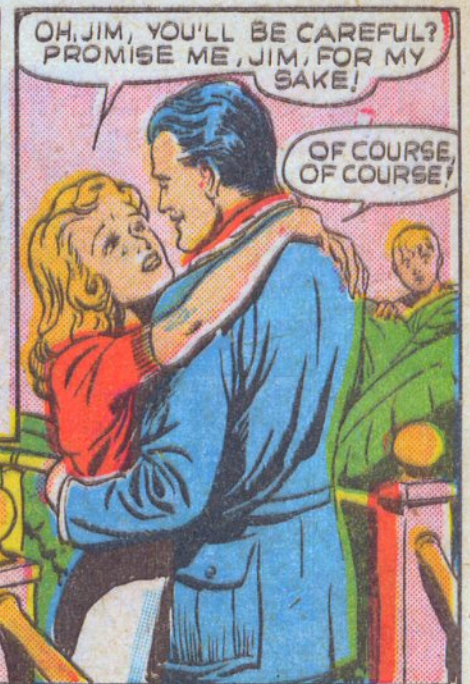
LION BOY

By
Merton
Holmes

LOST AS AN INFANT ON THE
VELDT, LION BOY HAS BEEN
REARED BY A PAIR OF LIONS
WHO HAVE TAUGHT HIM THEIR
SECRETS... HE IS AT HOME
IN THE JUNGLE... HE KNEW
NO OTHER LIFE... HE KNEW
GRAHAM, SCHOOL TEACHER
IN A NEARBY SETTLEMENT,
CAME ALONG... NOW...
BELIEVE IT OR NOT...
**LION BOY IS
IN LOVE!**

POOR LION BOY, WHEREVER HE LOOKS HE SEES ♥♥♥ LOVE IN BLOOM! ♥♥♥

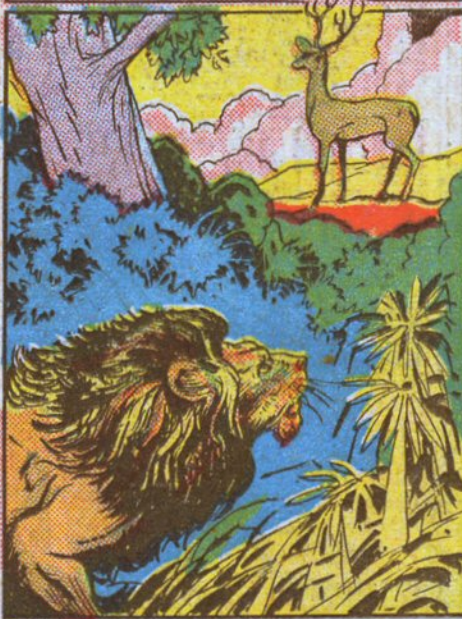




JIM TREKS ON, UNAWARE OF HIS BODYGUARD.



MEANWHILE SAMBAR, LION BOY'S CAVE BROTHER, IS ON THE HUNT.



HIS PREY DASHES FOR SAFETY.. RIGHT INTO JIM.



AND NATURALLY SAMBAR BLAMES JIM FOR THE LOSS OF HIS MEAL.



PSST, PSST! SAMBAR!



BACK, SAMBAR! BACK INTO THE BRUSH!

STILL DAZED, THE ASTONISHED JIM WATCHES SAMBAR GO.



JUST AS I ALWAYS SAY, IF YOU DON'T MOLEST THEM, THEY'LL GO AWAY!

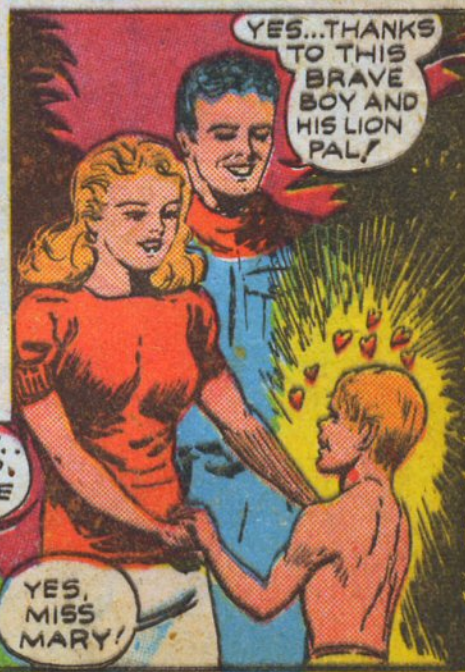
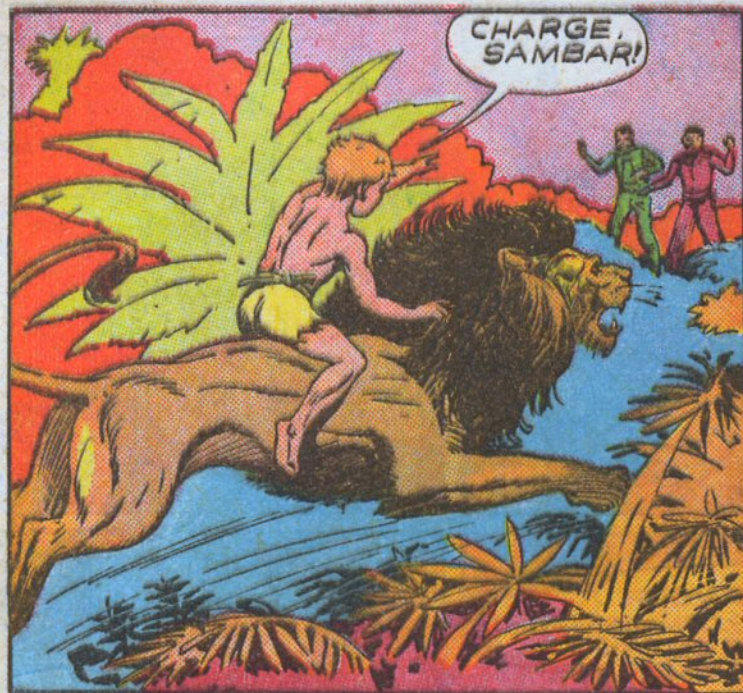
BROTHER, THAT HUMAN IS IN DANGER! WE MUST AID HIM IF WE CAN!

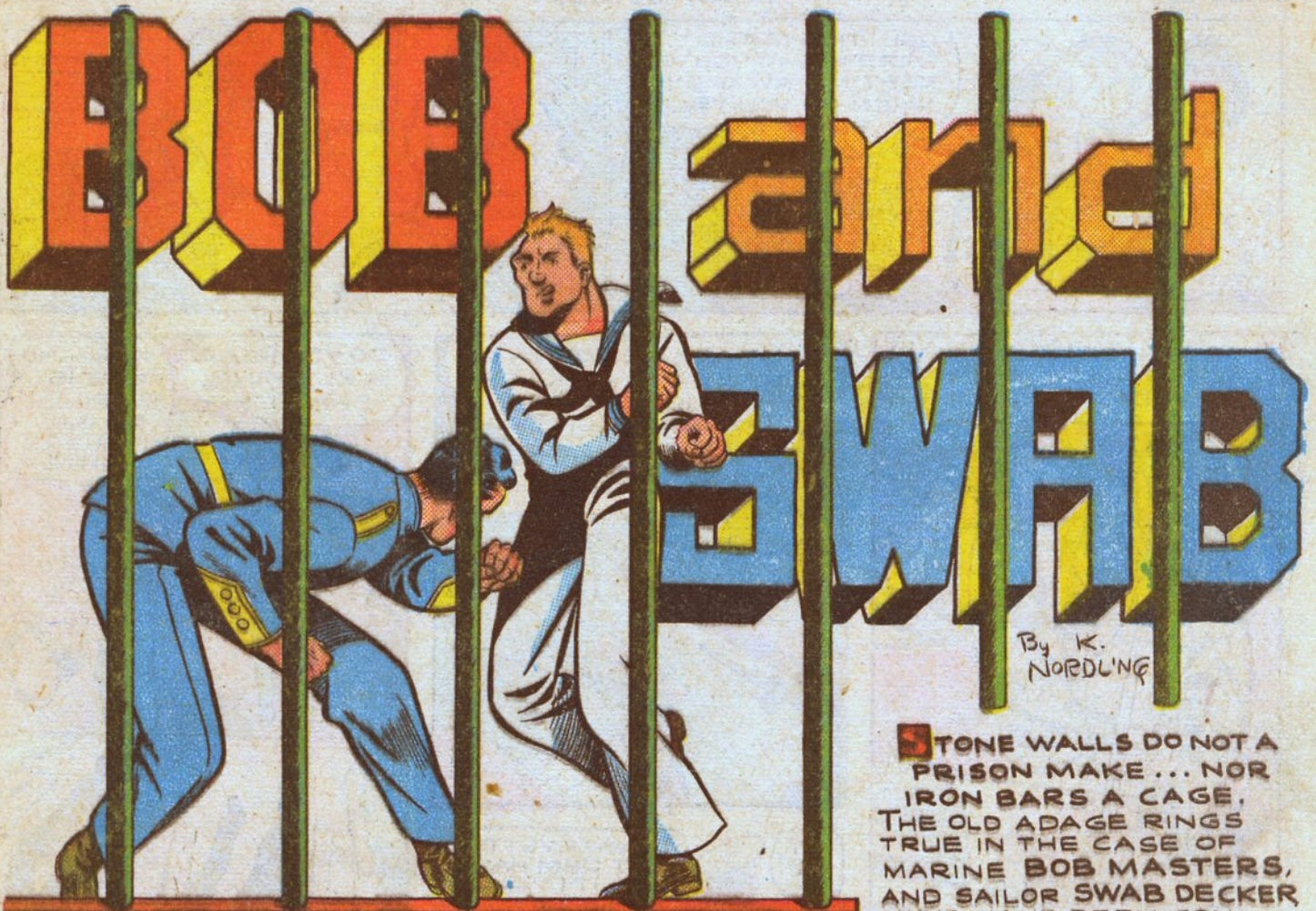


AND NOW, JIM HAS TWO BODYGUARDS TO WATCH OVER HIM.









By K.
NORDLING

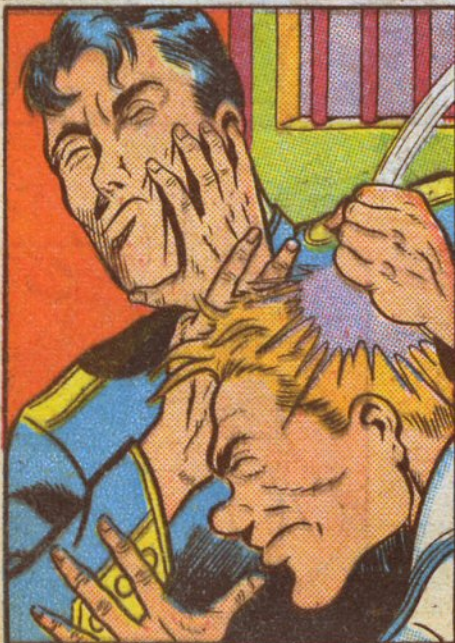
STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE ... NOR IRON BARS A CAGE. THE OLD ADAGE RINGS TRUE IN THE CASE OF MARINE BOB MASTERS, AND SAILOR SWAB DECKER, WHO HAVE BEEN CONFINED TO THE BRIG OF THE U.S.S. SCARAB TO CURE THEM OF THEIR CEASELESS QUARRELING.

THE BATTLESHIP LIES OFF A NEW U.S. DEFENSE BASE IN THE BERMUDAS..

UNDER LOCK AND KEY, BOB AND SWAB RESUME THEIR PRIVATE FEUD...

AND THEIR ANGRY VOICES REND THE SILENCE OF THE SEA...

THE CAPTAIN IS IN A SLEEPY RAGE.



G!!★YA
BIG LUG!
ALWAYS GETTIN'
US INTO TROUBLE!

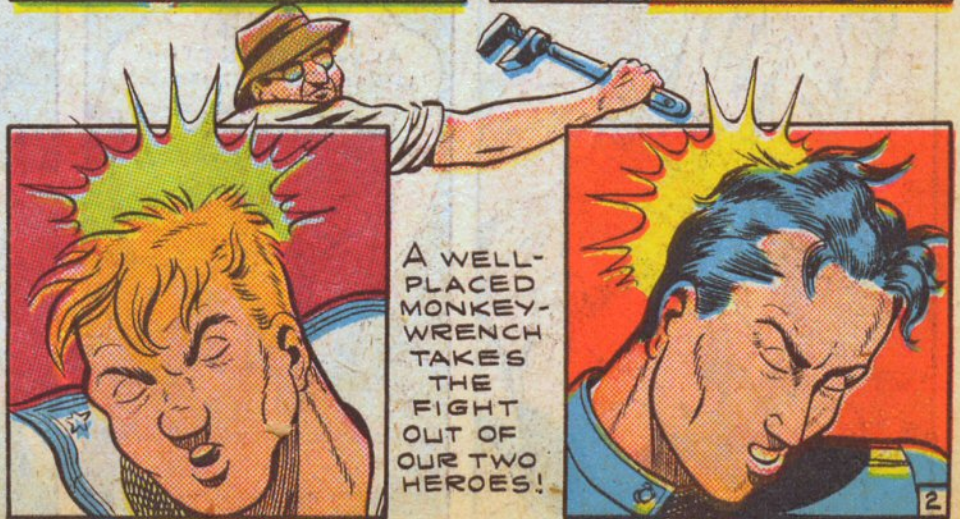
NUTS! WHO
GOT US INTO
THIS, YA ★
★!!★★!!!



YEGADS!
WHAT A
RACKET!



YOU CAN STOP NOW,
"GIRLS".. THE OLD
MAN WANTS TO
SEE YOU!

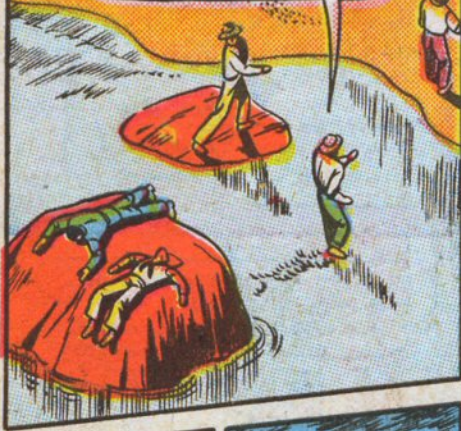


THE TWO UNCONSCIOUS
YANKEES ARE CARRIED
BY AUTO TRUCK TO THE
OTHER END OF THE ISLAND.

WE LEAVE DEM ON DER
ROCK.. DER DAWN TIDE
VILL COME UND TAKE
CARE OF DEM!

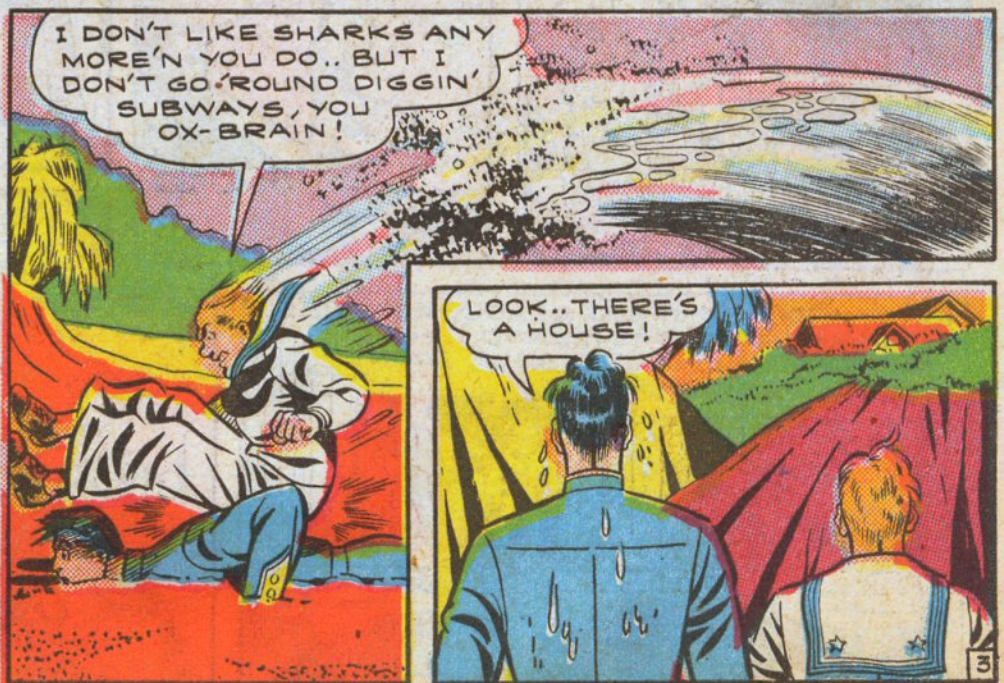
..UND OUR
HANDS ARE
CLEAN!

WITH THE SUNRISE THE INCOMING
TIDE SWIFTLY CRAWLS UP THE ROCK.



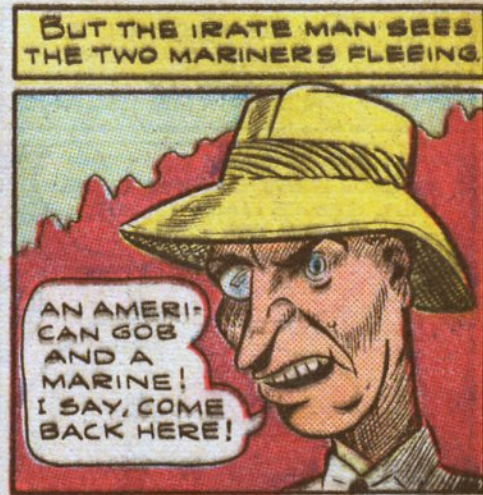
TIME TO
WAKE
UP,
BOB!

HUH?
WOW!
SHARKS!



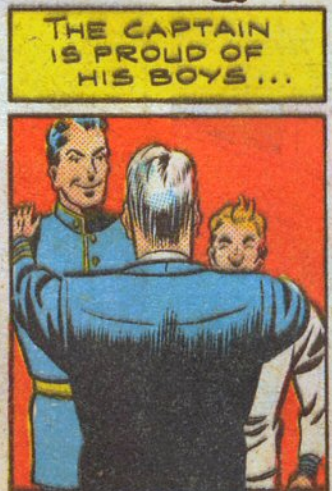
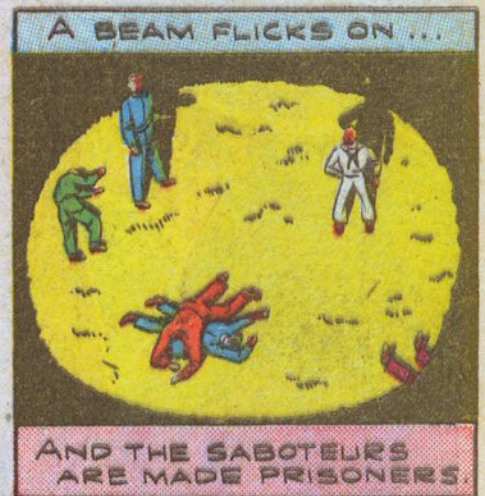
I DON'T LIKE SHARKS ANY
MORE'N YOU DO.. BUT I
DON'T GO 'ROUND DIGGIN'
SUBWAYS, YOU
OX-BRAIN!

LOOK..THERE'S
A HOUSE!





A LONG WEARY TEEK BRINGS THEM BACK TO THE BASE BY NIGHTFALL...



NEXT MONTH! BOB AND SWAB AGAIN RUN RIOT THROUGH THE PAGES OF HIT COMICS.

The RED BEE

by
B.H. APIARY

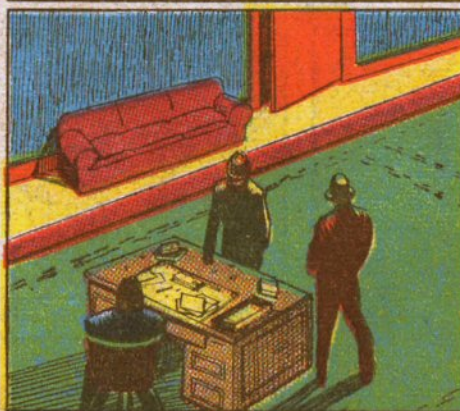


THE RED BEE STRIKES FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH... TO DRAG TO JUSTICE HUMAN TERMITES WHO THREATEN OUR COUNTRY WITH THEIR MANY INSIDIOUS CRIMES...

RALEIGH, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CRIME WAVE! HELLO! WHO ARE YOU?

WHO'S WHO, D.A.?

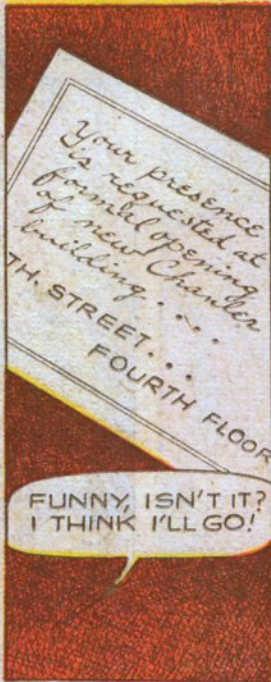
QUIETLY TWO MEN ENTER, DROP A CARD ON THE DESK, AND LEAVE.



HEY! WHAT FOOL BUSINESS IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?



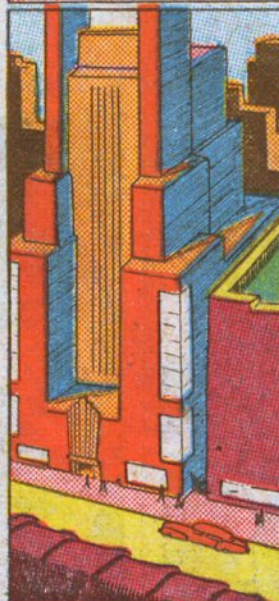
CURIOUSLY, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PICKS UP THE CARD.



SURE! HAVE A GOOD TIME... I'LL TRY TO GET INFORMATION OUT OF THOSE CRIME WAVES WHILE YOU'RE GONE!



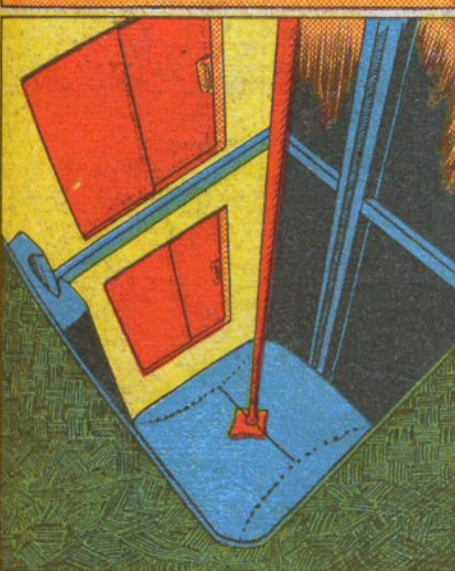
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE D.A. APPROACHES...



THE NEW STRUCTURE... HE ENTERS, AND...



BUT INSTEAD OF GOING UP, THE ELEVATOR SHOOTS DOWN.



SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? I SAID THE FOURTH FLOOR!



HEY, HAWKES! DON'T DRAW NO GUN ON ME... OR...



WHY, YOU YELLOW PUNK!



YOU ASKED FOR IT!



GET UP! I WANT'CHA T'MEET DE BOSS!



DEEP IN THE EARTH THE ELEVATOR STOPS.





MAC, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I SAID NO ROUGH STUFF!



BUT, BOSS, HE AINT HURT MUCH... I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'... NO, BOSS! NO, NO!



SILENCE, YOU BUNGLING FOOL! I WANT NO MEN WHO DISOBEY ORDERS!



AND NOW, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAWKES, PLEASE BE SEATED... WE'VE MUCH TO DISCUSS... FIRST I'LL SHOW YOU MY MAP... MY DEMANDS WILL BE CLEAR AFTER THAT!



YOU MIGHT CALL ME A... ER... FEUDAL LORD... MY SERFS ARE THE POLITICIANS OF THIS WHOLE EASTERN AREA. I'M REALLY QUITE NICE, IF YOU PLAY ALONG WITH ME!



YOU WANT ME TO BE PARTNER TO YOUR CRIMES? NO!



GROTOFF PRESSES A BUTTON ANGRILY...

YOU'LL REGRET THIS, HAWKES! RUDY! I'VE A JOB FOR YOU!



YES, MASTER... SHALL I CONTINUE WORKING ON THOSE POLICE MEN INSIDE?



NO... TAKE THE MAN TO OUR TORTURE CHAMBER... MAKE UP ONE OF OUR MEN TO LOOK LIKE HIM... HE'LL TAKE THE D.A.'S PLACE!

A PLEASURE, SIR!



A FEW HOURS LATER RALEIGH WELCOMES BACK HIS SUPERIOR.

HI THERE! DID OUR PUBLIC SPIRITED D.A. ENJOY HIMSELF?

HUH? OH... SURE... SURE!



BUT RALEIGH ISN'T FOOLED.

THE VOICE... ALMOST PERFECT, BUT NOT HAWKES VOICE!

WELL, I'M STILL GETTING DOPE ON THAT GANG!

GOOD... KEEP ON WITH IT!

A SHORT TIME LATER RALEIGH, NOW THE RED BEE, DASHES THROUGH THE CHANLER BUILDING'S SERVICE ENTRANCE.

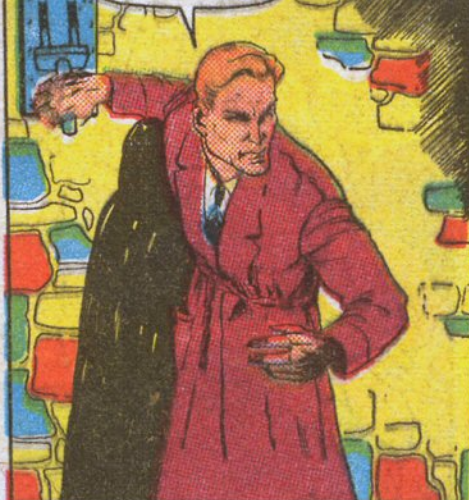


MEANYWHILE...

I'VE SEVERAL OF YOUR MEN INSIDE, HAWKES! THEY'RE REPLACED ON THE FORCE BY MINE. NOBODY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE!



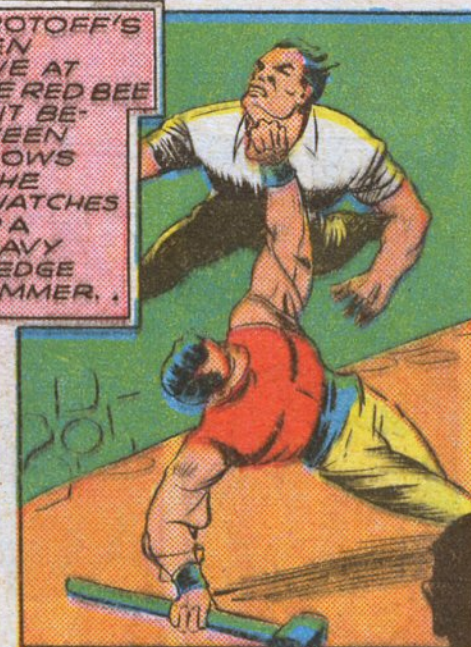
BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN KEEPING YOU ALIVE. THIS SWITCH SENDS POISON GAS IN HERE. YOU'RE IN A LETHAL CHAMBER!... HEY! WHO ARE YOU?



THE RED BEE, MY FRIEND!



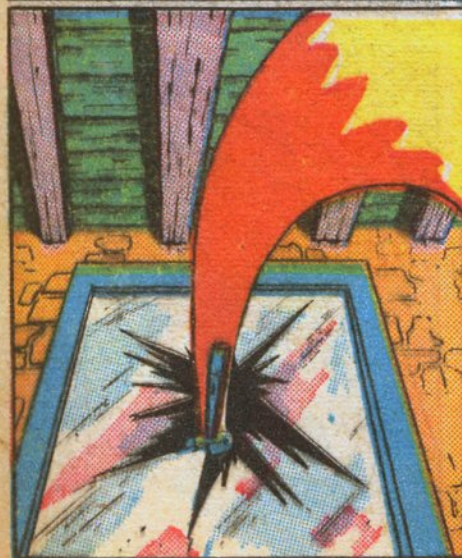
GROTOFF'S MEN DIVE AT THE RED BEE... BUT BETWEEN BLOWS HE SNATCHES UP A HEAVY SLEDGE HAMMER.



AND HURLS IT AT A GLASS PARTITION.



THE HAMMER SMASHES THE GLASS WALL OF THE ROOM WHERE HAWKES MEN ARE IMPRISONED.



JUST IN TIME!

WE WUZ NEARLY SMOTHERED!

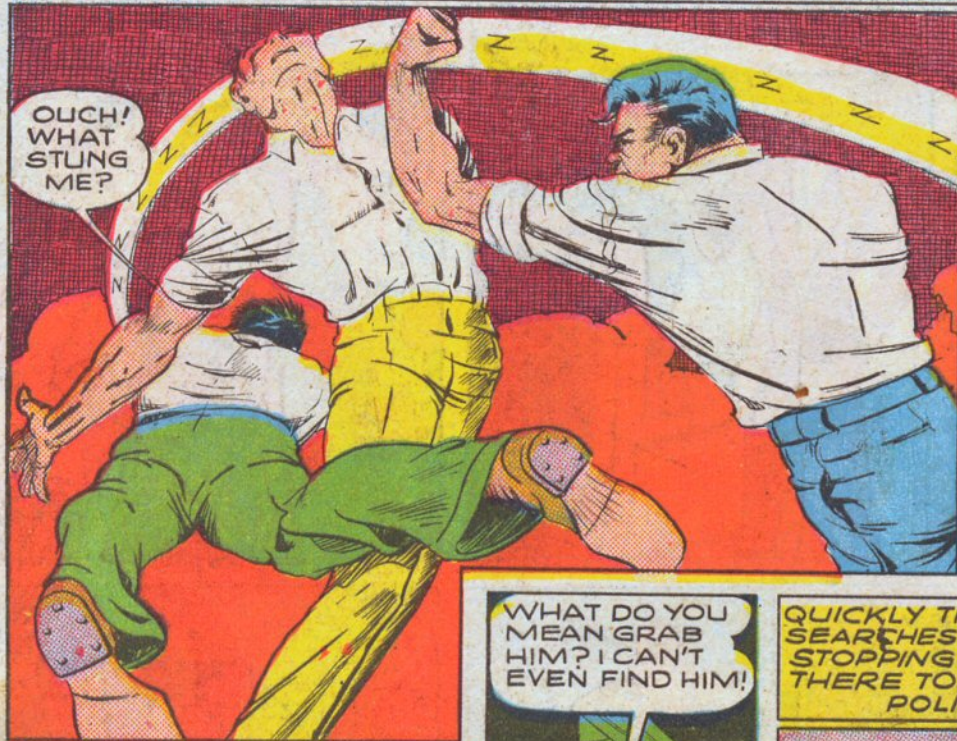
WHEW!



O.K., FELLOWS! LET'S CLEAN UP THIS MOB! YOU TOO, MICHAEL!



THE RED BEE AND THE POLICE CHARGE GROTOFF'S GANG .. THE UNDERGROUND TORTURE ROOM GROANS WITH STRUGGLING, SHOUTING BATTLERS. . MICHAEL THE BEE, ADDS TO THE CONFUSION. .



RELEASED BY ONE OF HIS MEN, HAWKES JOINS THE FIGHT.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN GRAB HIM? I CAN'T EVEN FIND HIM!



QUICKLY THE RED BEE SEARCHES THE ROOM, STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO HELP THE POLICE. .



BUT SEVERAL MEN CLOSE IN ON HIM. . .



THE RED BEE IS TRAPPED!



OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SEES GROTOFF. .



DESPERATELY HE PLOWS HIS WAY CLEAR OF GROTOFF'S MEN.. MICHAEL COMES TO HIS AID. . .



HAWKES...I'M GOING AFTER GROTOFF...I'LL DELIVER HIM TO HEADQUARTERS! SO LONG!

YEAH...O.K. BRING YOURSELF TOO!

CAUTIOUSLY THE RED BEE ENTERS THE PASSAGE...

HOLY SMOKE! AN ABANDONED SUBWAY SIDING!

BUT GROTOFF LIES IN WAIT FOR HIM.

COME NEARER, YOU FOOL, AND I CAN BE SURE TO KILL YOU!

HA! HA! GOOD! I'VE GOT YOU!

BEFORE GROTOFF CAN FIRE AGAIN, THE RED BEE CLOSES IN.

DON'T BE TOO SURE YOU'VE WON!

YOU MIGHT BE DISAPPOINTED!

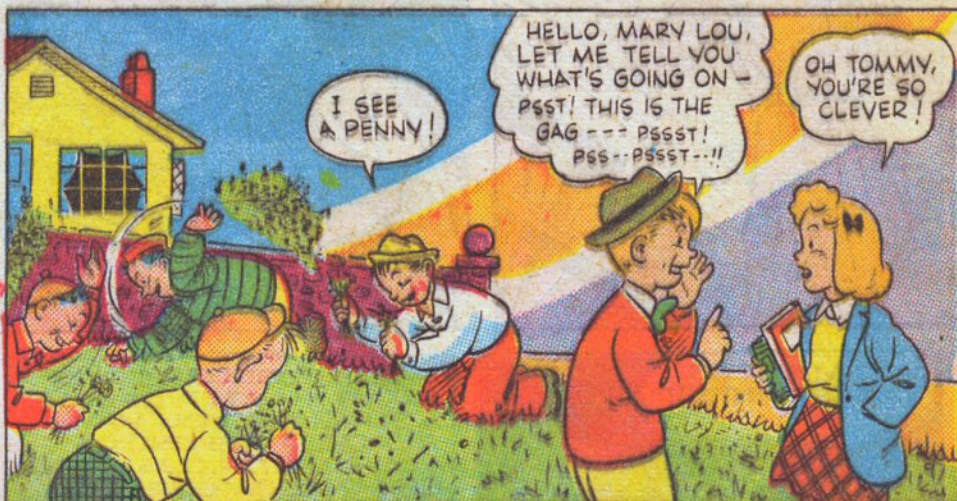
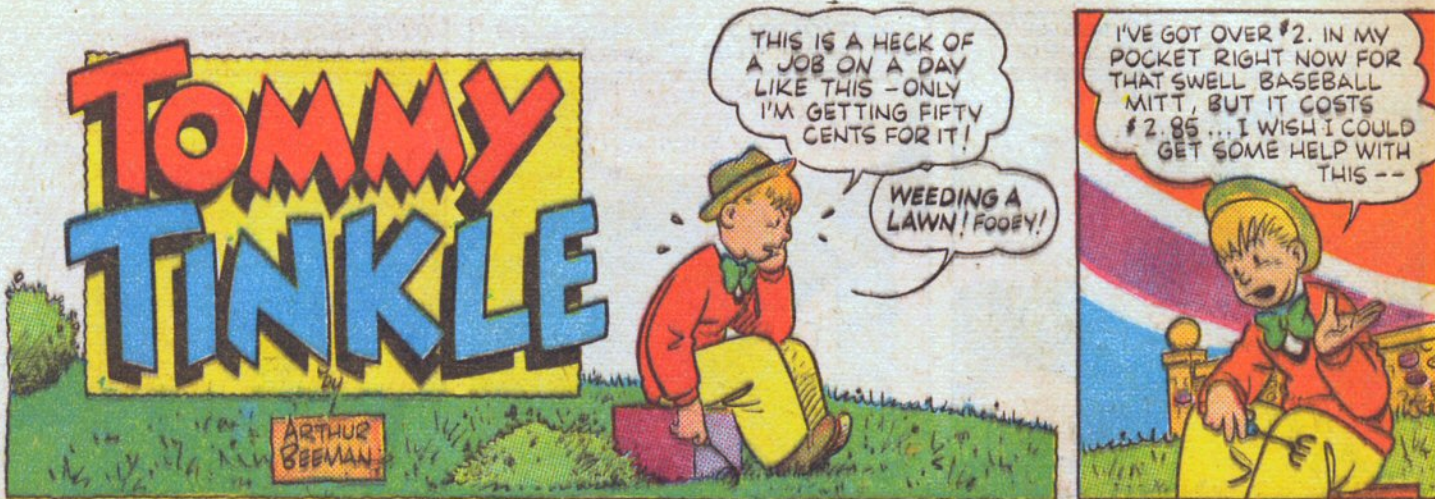
WELL, FEODOR GROTOFF, ALIAS MASTER OF WEAK POLITICIANS, YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF YOUR INGlorIOUS CRIMINAL CAREER!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...RALEIGH LISTENS TO HAWKES GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE...

AND THEN WE GOT GROTOFF...

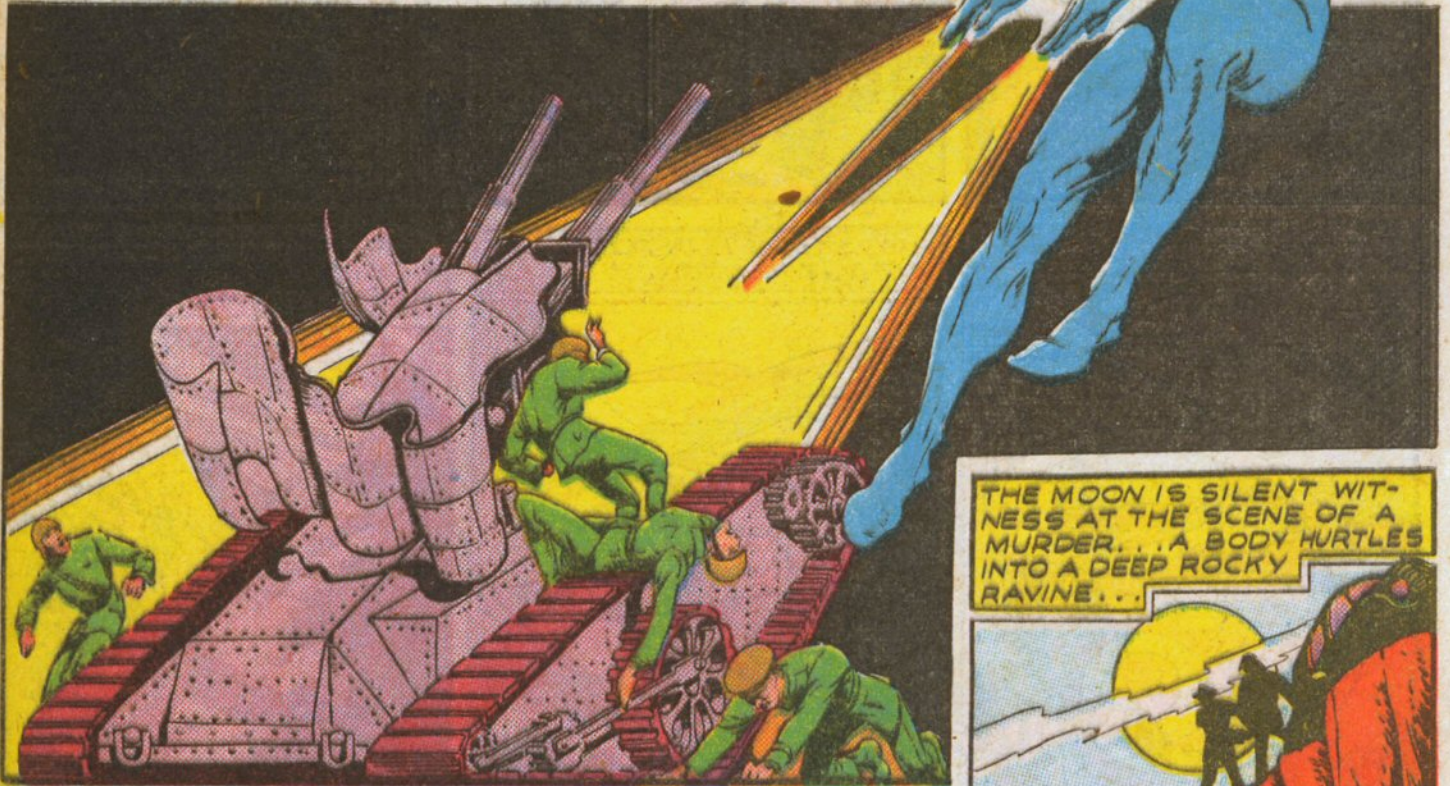
WE DID?

THE RED BEE WAGES WAR ON EVIL AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.



NEON

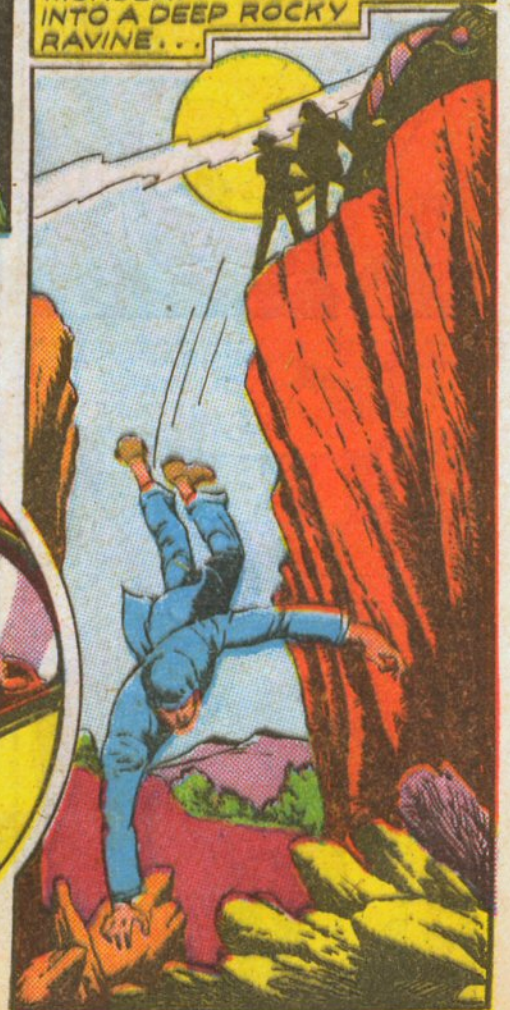
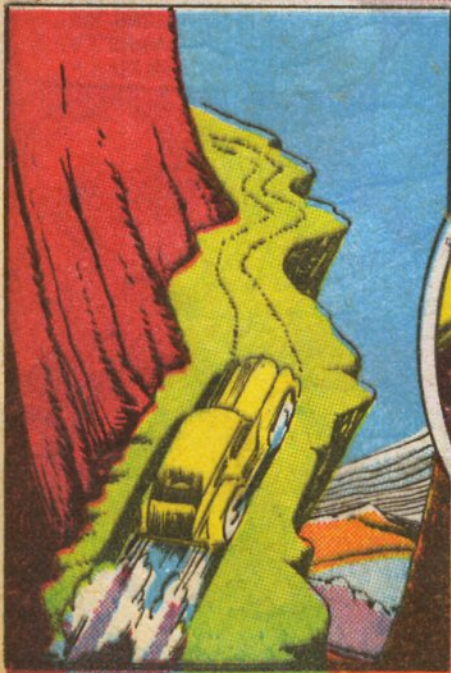
The Unknown BY TAGOR MAROY



THE MOON IS SILENT WITNESS AT THE SCENE OF A MURDER. . . A BODY HURTLES INTO A DEEP ROCKY RAVINE. . .

UP A TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN THE BALKANS . . .

FOOLISH OF YOU NOT TO TALK...IT'S GOING TO COST YOU YOUR LIFE...



MORNING... THE MAN LIES DEAD.



SOON... NO IDENTIFICATION... HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR COUNTRYMEN... IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHETHER HE FELL OR WAS THROWN!



IT'S PROBABLY AN ACT OF THE AGGRESSOR NATION AT OUR BORDER... WE'LL TAKE HIM TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS... SEE IF ANYONE KNOWS HIM THERE.



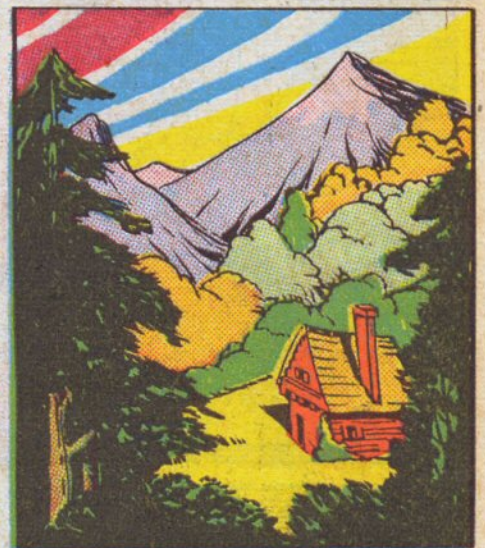
BUT BEFORE THEY CAN ACT, A BLINDING STREAK SEIZES THE PROSTRATE FORM.



AND WHIPS IT INTO THE AIR... IT IS NEON.



HE FLIES TO A COTTAGE WELL HIDDEN AMONG THE PINES AND TOWERING HILLS.



HERE, STEFAN, PERHAPS THIS IS THE MAN YOU WERE WAITING FOR... I FOUND HIM... DEAD!

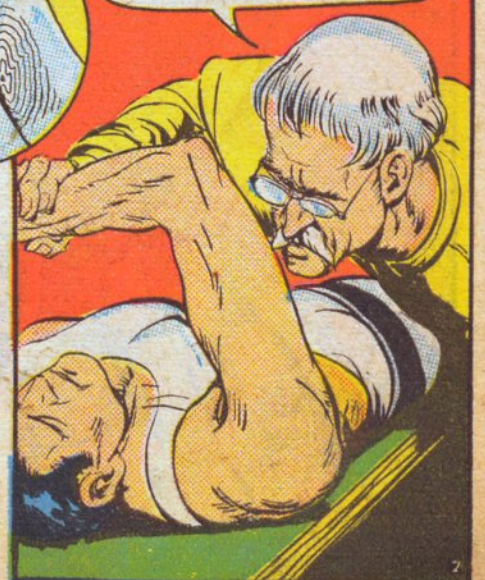


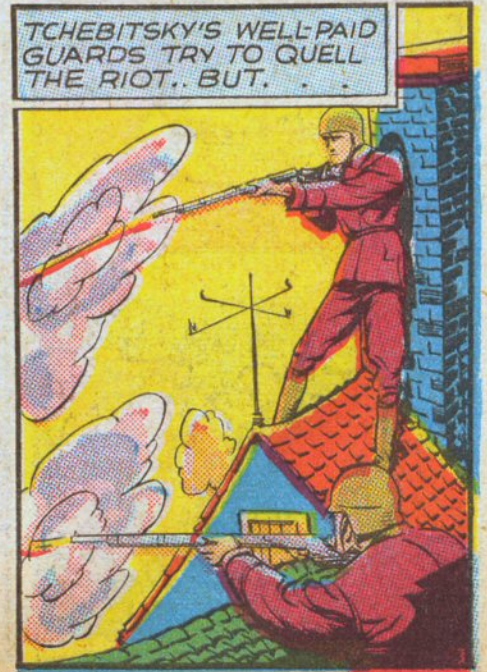
COMPARE HIS PRINTS WITH OUR FILE. DO THEY MATCH?



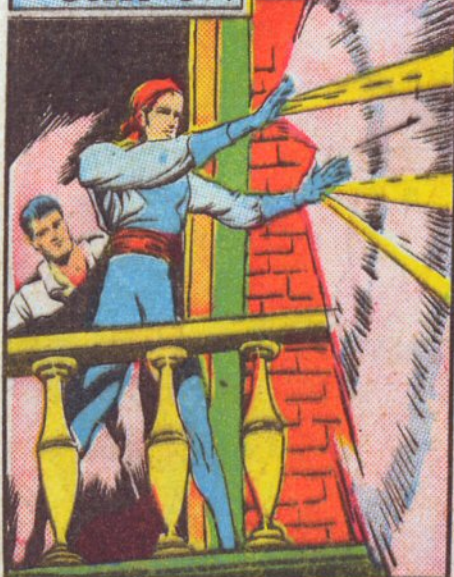
YES, THIS IS THE MAN!

THEN THE MESSAGE SHOULD BE WRITTEN UNDER HIS ARM!





WITH STRANGE NEONIC POWERS, NEON STOPS THE BULLETS.



THE ENEMY MUST NOT COME THROUGH THE NORTH PASS, IT IS UP TO YOU TO GUARD IT. ARE YOU READY?



THE WHOLE TOWN RESPONDS TO NEON'S PLEA.

TO THE BORDER!



MEANWHILE THE INVADING ARMY NEARS



THE COMMANDANT ARRIVES AT THE BORDER GUARD-HOUSE.

OPEN DER GATES! YOU HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO LET US THROUGH!



HE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION FROM A SNIPER HIDDEN ABOVE.



IN THE TANK

MAN DER GUNS! WE VILL SHOOT DOWN DER FEEBLE RESISTANCE!



BUT NEON RIPS WIDE THE TANK WITH A FLARE OF HIS MYSTERIOUS POWER...

COME OUT OF THAT SARDINE CAN!



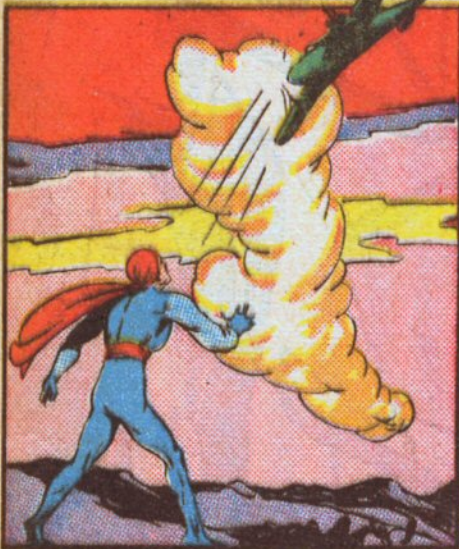
WITH FIXED BAYONETS THE INFANTRY CHARGES NEON... READY TO RUN HIM THROUGH...



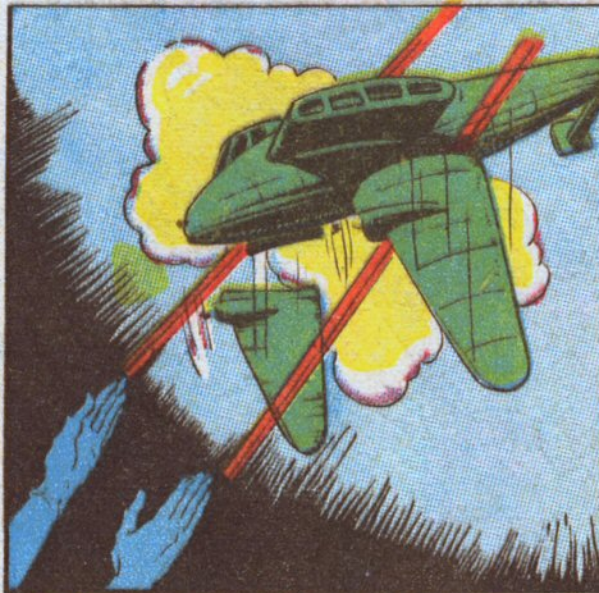
BUT THEIR WEAPONS ARE AS USELESS AS FEATHERS AGAINST NEON'S RAYS...



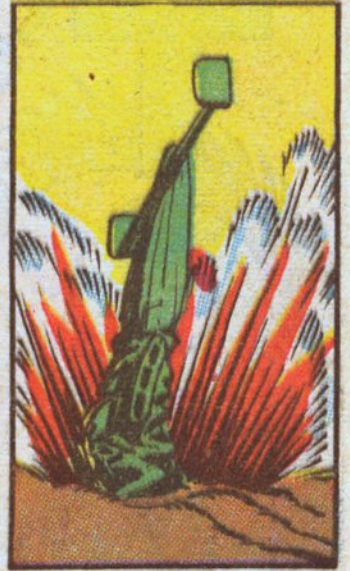
FROM THE CLOUDS A PLANE ROARS DOWN TO STRAFE THE DEFENDERS...



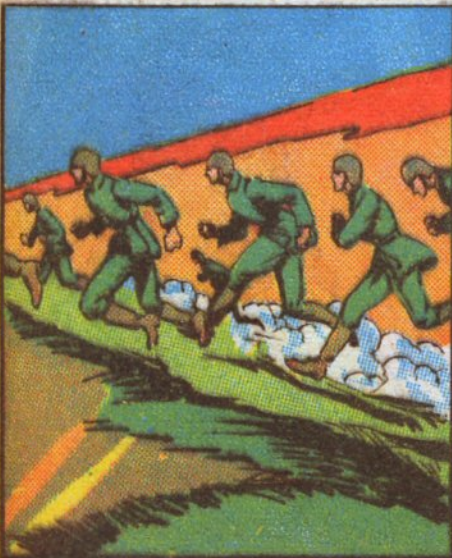
BUT NEON CLIPS ITS WINGS BEFORE IT CAN DO ANY DAMAGE...



THE SHIP CRASHES HELPLESSLY INTO THE HARD GROUND...



IN TERROR, SCHICKLER'S TROOPS RETREAT BEFORE THIS MIRACULOUS UNKNOWN POWER...



GRATEFUL SLOVIAN GATHER AROUND NEON...



THE REST IS UP TO YOU... ELECT A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT THAT WILL LET THE PEOPLE KNOW ITS ACTS!

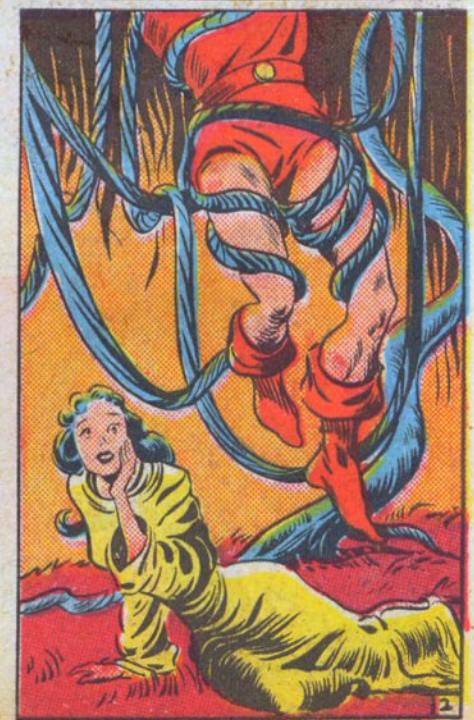
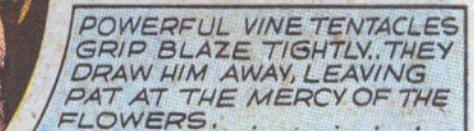
BUT NEON NEVER RESTS...



THERE IS STILL MUCH TO BE DONE FOR THIS ANCIENT WAR-TORN CONTINENT!

NEON THE UNKNOWN RETURNS IN NEXT MONTH'S HIT COMICS





PAT STRUGGLES WITH THE VINES AS BLAZE DISAPPEARS.

SHE IS TOSSED LIKE A BALL FROM ONE VINE TO ANOTHER.

BLAZE ALSO FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE MAN-EATING VINES.



HE SEARCHES IN VAIN.



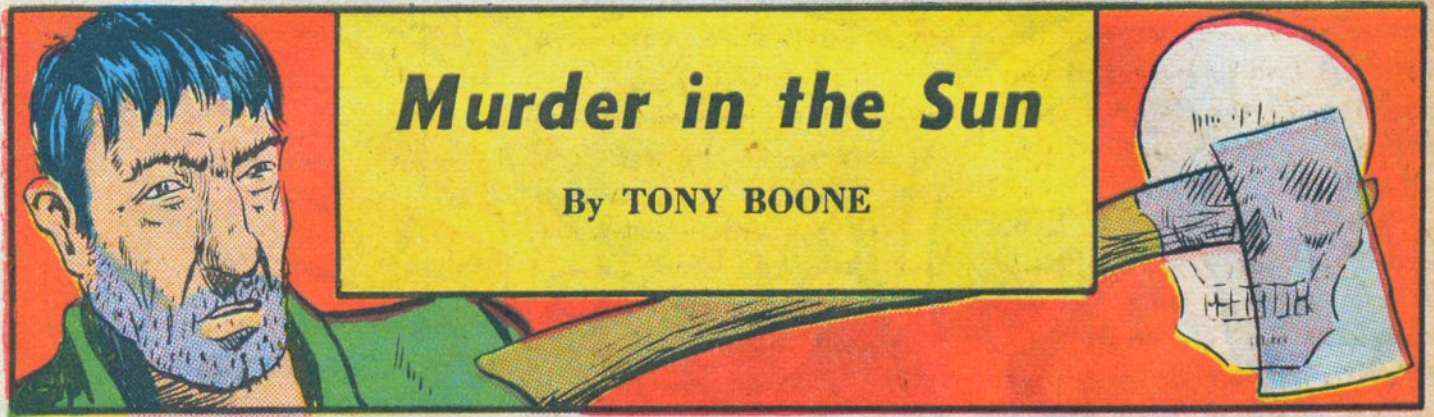
SUDDENLY FLOWER TRUMPETS SOUND A WARNING.



THE QUEER TINY PLANTS STING SHARPLY AS THEY OVERCOME BLAZE.







The warm rays of healthy sunlight falling in neat square patterns through the panes of glass seemed to mock the ghastly scene within. The bright blue sky, dotted with white clouds floating serenely by, looked in upon a room filled with tragedy.

The upturned eyes of the man on the floor did not see this vision of peace. They saw nothing. The sunbeams danced in a crimson pool of blood that flowed freely from his slashed neck. About the floor an overturned table and chair, broken dishes, a hurled skillet gave mute evidence of a struggle.

The sun, rising higher to the zenith painted the scene boldly in its full horror.

Only one corner of the room was left in merciful darkness. And in the shadows hulked a towering figure. Massive shoulders seemed to melt down into the great chest in mortal dejection. Powerful arms crushed into the big frame as if to protect it from the awful scene. And in the big, paw-like hands was grasped the handle of an ax. The whine of a hurt beast escaped the dropped jaw, the thick, drooling lips.

The sunbeams shot like hot sparks from their gory pool.

"Stop! Stop! Aw let it get dark. Let it get good and

dark."

In the corner the huge man moaned and closed his burning eyes against the cruel sun.

"Dark, Dark, Dark."

It was not yet noon.

Outside, two boys ran yelping in their play toward the woods. A shock like the report of a gun rocked the thin walls that enclosed the scene of murder. The killer shuddered and swallowed a scream of terror. It was only a ball bounced by the boys. They soon vanished in the tangled growth of the woods.

Relentlessly, the day pursued its usual course, ticking off the hours in the old routine. The minutes went no faster. The sun shone without a single cloud to darken its face of glory.

But as the afternoon crept up, the concealing shadows gathered in the room and Big Lem, the killer, moved out of his corner. He side-stepped, still flattened against the wall, edging toward the window. His eyes were glued on his victim's lifeless body, but he averted them long enough to glance at the field outside, glaring white under the heat of the afternoon sun. From the road he saw two figures—running.

The men had guns. They were approaching the hut. Their bodies hurtled against

the bolted door. But they could not get in. They skirted around to the side of the house. Big Lem ducked behind the upturned table as the men lifted the sash and stepped in through the window.

"Holy—! Look what we walked into. That guy ain't playin' possum."

The second man stared and then said, "He's dead."

The first man twisted his mouth in disgust. "You ain't tellin' me nothin'. We gotta get out of here quick."

"But they're chasin' us. Where'll we go?"

"We can't stay here. If we have to take the rap for a hold-up I'm gettin' out of here. I don't want to burn too."

"Yeah," said the other, "that's right. They'll pin dis on us. Let's scam."

Then from behind the table a mountain seemed to grow before them. Big Lem rose, his bloody ax thrown back to his shoulder ready to chop down any interference. His head hung low and was thrust forward like a menacing cave-man's.

"You fella's stay here. Until dark. You ain't gonna lead no cops to this place. Not 'till I leave. When it's dark."

The hold-up men gaped at this half-mad giant. One of them trembled visibly. The other found his voice and

steeled his nerve. "Listen, Bud, you're all wet. If we stay the cops will find us here and you too. If they see us go, they'll follow us and leave you alone."

For a long minute, Lem considered the wisdom of this. It took a long while for the reasoning to penetrate the thinking region of his huge cranium. At last he spoke.

"All right, I'll go with you. Then they won't know which one of us did it, which one killed Brad . . . my friend, Brad. My friend—"

It looked like the big man was going to break-down and weep. He grew helpless in his misery. The others let him sob and mumble and turned to the window. But—

"Too late! They're comin' here. That big idiot. If he hadn't of held us here, we'd have been safe in those woods." The crook spit a stream of curses at Big Lem's suddenly taut body. He had seen the uniformed figures moving through the waving grass in the field. All three of them backed against the wall. Into the shadows. There was

still a large patch of light cutting across a third of the room. The professional thugs whipped out their guns and crouched, aiming through the window.

The cops reached the door and rattled it. They shouted. The silence was thick within.

A policeman came around to the window. His head appeared above the sill. A stream of fire came from the dark end of the room. The man outside fell with a cry.

"We'll make it hot for them. There's only two more." A leering grin of savage delight lit the crook's face as he went into battle.

A sudden flame of indignation rose from the pit of Big Lem's dumb soul. He had seen a man shoot down another human in cold blood. He dropped his ax and lunged across the room.

His heavy body fell across the thug. He grabbed the hand that held the gun and with a slight twist, snapped the wrist. Surprise and anger hid the pain for just a moment. "What the devil! You fightin' for us or against us? Cripes!

He broke my hand!"

"You kill. You're murderers. You shot that cop."

Gasping with pain the crook's voice came muffled and hoarse. "Murderers. That's hot."

The other man hissed, "I suppose you were just playin' tag with your pal, Brad there."

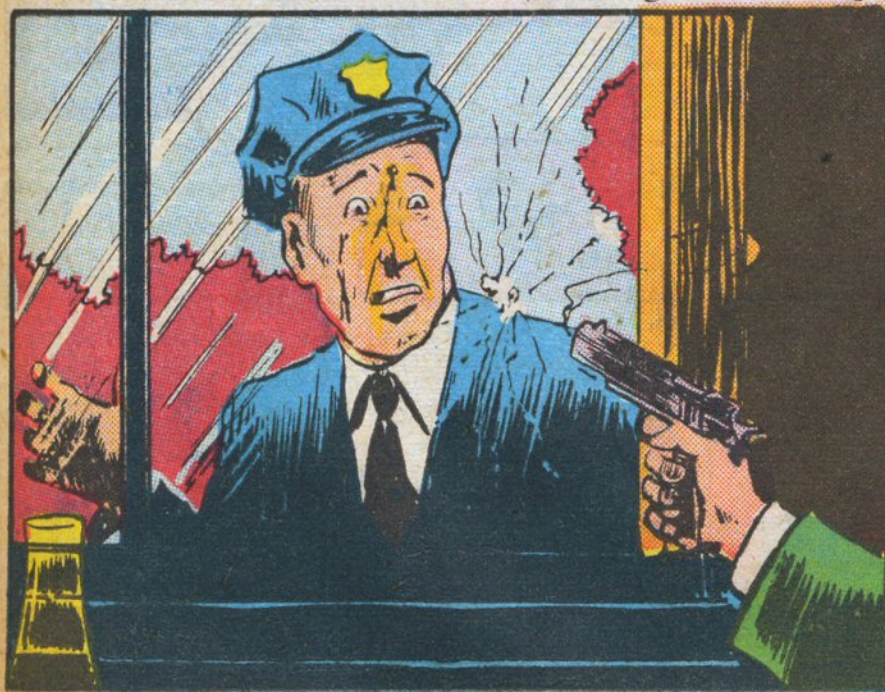
Then he wished he hadn't said anything. And the next moment he had no will left to wish. Big Lem had seized his ax and it hacked up and down through the air again and again.

Outside the police heard the shrieks of agony arise from two throats as both the crooks felt the deadly edge of the ax. And above the screams the bellowing voice of Big Lem. "I didn't know I killed him. He made me mad. I didn't want to kill him. You can't call me a murderer. I didn't know what I was doing!"

Big Lem looked about him wildly. But although his eyes beheld the scene, his mind could no longer grasp the meaning of it. He groped blindly to the doors. His vision was a burning, red blur. As he loosed the bolt and flung the door open a bullet cracked through the air and struck his immense chest, finding the heart. Big Lem slumped slowly to the threshold and fell, face-forward staining the grass with his blood.

A shadow passed across the sun as the wind began to bring the rain clouds in from the east. The last streak of light left the room as the police walked in to face the bewildering chaos of the scene.

"Nothin' we can do about this," said one of them, "It's all been done."



G-5

Super Agent

by Carey Weyte

PARIS, GAY LADY OF THE CONTINENT, IS NOW QUIET AND SUBDUED... HER ONCE GLITTERING STREETS ARE DIM... HER MUSIC IS SILENT... THE TRAMP OF AN INVADERS FOOT HAS CRUSHED HER HEART... BUT NOT HER SOUL...

EVEN THE CONQUERORS FIND PARIS DULL...

ACH! SO BORING HERE!

JA! EFEN WORSE THAN IT ISS AT HOME!

AN OLD MAN HEARS THEIR CONVERSATION...

PARDONEZ.. YOU WANT PLEASURE, NO? COME WITH ME..

PARDON, M'SIEU CAN YOU GUIDE ME AROUND PARIS? I FIND IT DULL WITH-OUT NIGHT-LIFE... I'M SURE YOU MUST KNOW SOME PLACE!

G-5 ALSO EAVESDROPS.

IS THAT FRENCHMAN A TRAITOR OR..

I SHOW YOU THE REAL PARIS.. GAIETY.. MUSIC.. COME!

THE NEXT DAY THE SAME OLD MAN TOTTERS ALONG THE STREET.

I'M GOING TO ASK HIM!

BUT YOU ARE ENGLISH AND OUR FRIEND.. YOU WILL NOT LIKE THE PLACE I GO TO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER TWO SOLDIERS ACCEPT THE OLD MAN'S OFFER..



SUDDENLY THE OLD FRENCH MAN SPOTS G-5.



HE LEADS THEM TO MONT-PARNASSE, THE ONCE-GAY LATIN QUARTER.



G-5 BREAKS THE HOLD EASILY.



BUT THEIR RECEPTION IS VERY UNEXPECTED.

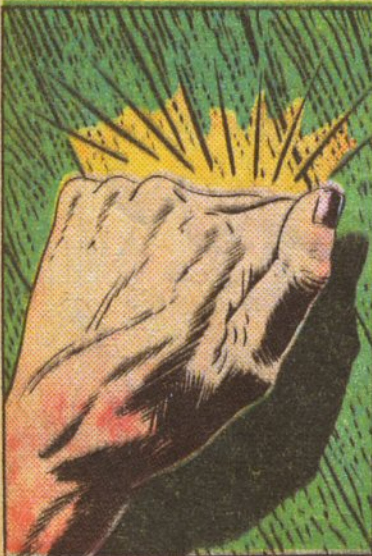


YOU ARE THE ENGLISHMAN.. YOU WILL UNDERSTAND OUR CAUSE.. WE FIGHT FOR A FREE FRANCE.. THE ONLY WAY WE CAN.. BY TRICKERY!

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL.. ALL FRANCE WILL SUFFER IF YOU ARE CAUGHT!



THE CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED BY A HEAVY RAP ON THE DOOR.



ENEMY OFFICERS! IMMEDIATELY THE FRENCHMEN HIDE, LEAVING G-5 TO GREET THE GUESTS.



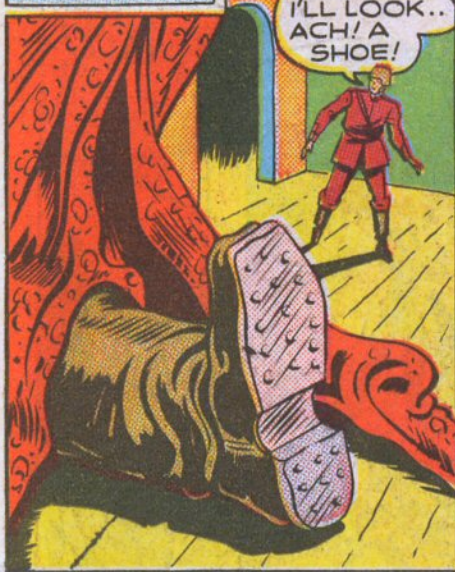
YOU ARE VUN OF US, JA? THEN WE NEED NOT SEARCH YOUR ROOM!

THE STUPID OX! HA! HA!

SH-H-H!



SATISFIED, THE OFFICER
QUESTIONS NO MORE..
BUT ONE OF HIS MEN IS
CURIOUS ..



G-5 ACTS INSTANTLY ..



THE SOLDIER DOESN'T SEE
FRENCHMEN DRAGGING
BACK THE BODY FROM
WHICH G-5 REMOVED THE
BOOT ...



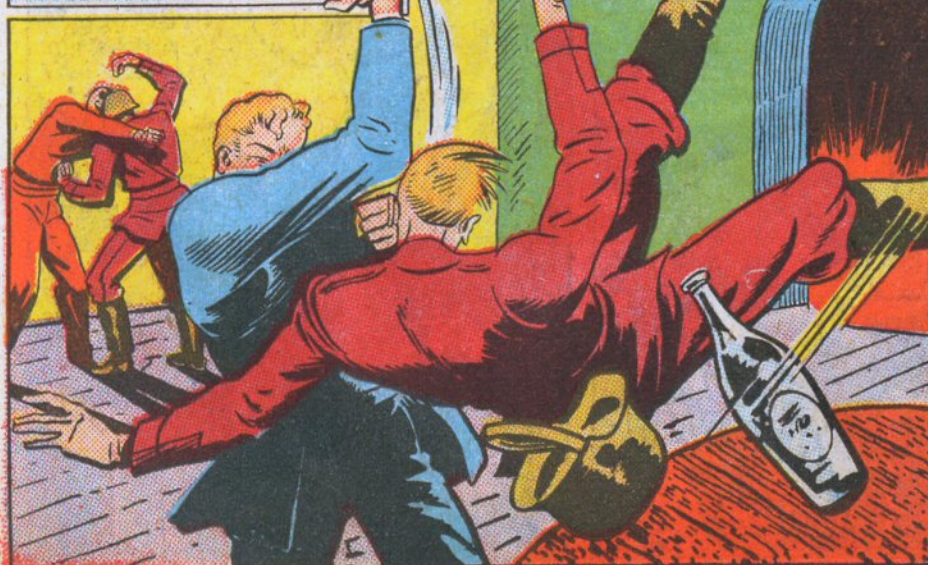
A DRAPE RUSTLES...



THE FRENCHMEN SPRING
FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES.



A SMALL WAR RAGES
IN THE CAFE..THEY
CLASH IN A MAN-
TO-MAN STRUGGLE.



THE FRENCH FIGHT AS
THOUGH NEWLY INSPIRED
BY THE MISERY AND HUMILI-
ATION OF THE INVADER'S
CONQUEST ..



WITH AN ENEMY GUN, G-5 HOLDS THE FORT.....



DOWN THROUGH THE MURKY LABYRINTHS THE FRENCHMEN FLEE TO THE PARISIAN SEWERS..



THEY SPLASH THROUGH MILES OF RAT-INFESTED WATERS..



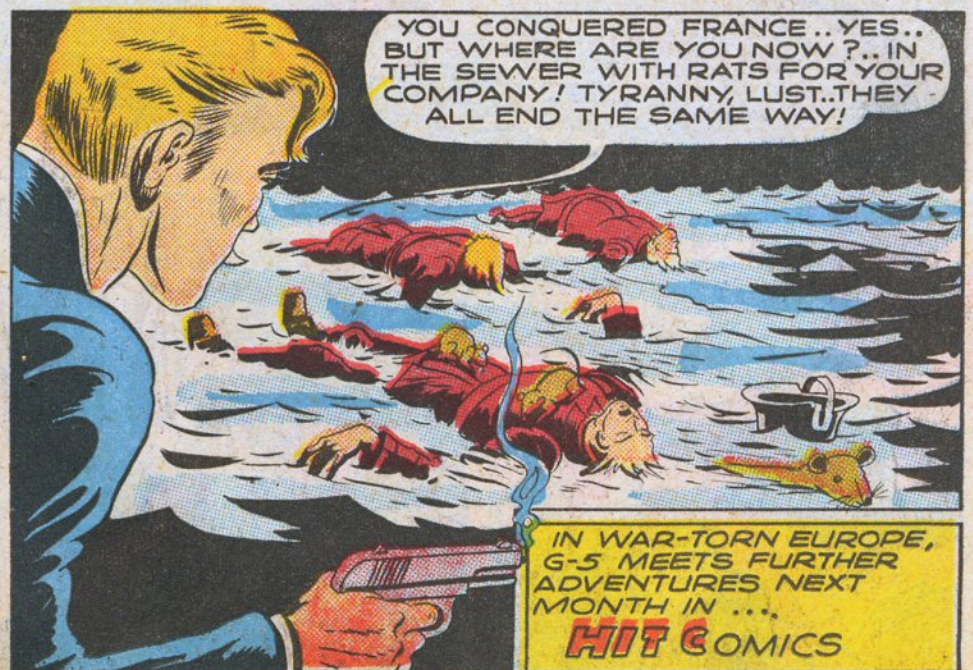
MEANWHILE, G-5 PICKS OFF ENEMY SOLDIERS WHO TRY TO FOLLOW THE ESCAPING MEN..



THE SEWER EMPTIES INTO THE SEINE ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS..



A SECOND LATER THE PLANE HEADS SOUTH TO FREEDOM.....



IN WAR-TORN EUROPE, G-5 MEETS FURTHER ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH IN ...

HIT COMICS

The OLD WITCH

by
PIERRE WINTER



THIS IS A STRANGE TALE OF TWO GHOSTLY PEACEMAKERS IN EARLY AMERICA... DO YOU SEE THOSE CROSSED WEAPONS? ONE IS A PURITAN MUSKET GUN, THE OTHER IS A SAVAGE INDIAN WAR CLUB. ...MY STORY GOES BACK TO PLYMOUTH IN 1621...

IN THAT YEAR THE PILGRIMS ARRIVED.. HAPPY TO BE IN AMERICA, THEY SET UP A GOVERNMENT.

PLYMOUTH OBEYED IT'S 'ELDERS'... THAT IS, ALL BUT THE LAD, JONATHON.

I WANT TO HUNT.. NO ONE SHALL STOP ME!



SON, YOU ARE HEADSTRONG AND UNWISE.. IT IS RISKING DEATH TO GO INTO THE FOREST.. THE INDIANS ARE HOSTILE!



THE WARNING DID NO GOOD.. ONE NIGHT JONATHON SCALED THE STOCKADE WALL.



NEARBY WAS CAMPED A TRIBE OF UNFRIENDLY RED MEN..



HAH! I'LL HAVE SOME EXCITEMENT TO TELL OF



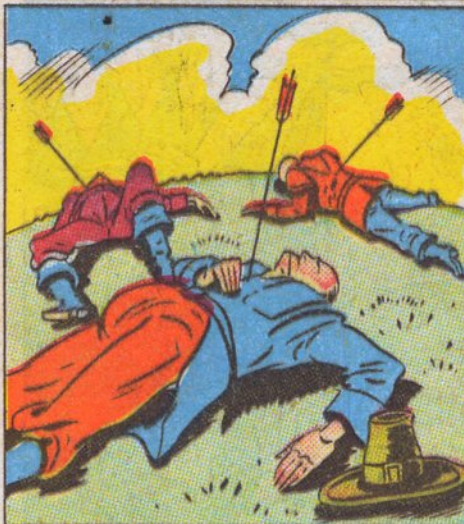
BUT AN INDIAN SAW JONATHON
AND WARNED HIS TRIBE....
IN FURY THEY TOOK TO THE
WARPATH.



UNSUSPECTING TOWNSPEOPLE
WERE KILLED IN COLD BLOOD..
ALL BECAUSE OF JONATHON..



THE INDIANS' NUMBERS WERE
GREATER..THEIR SWIFT
ARROWS WERE MORE EFFECT-
IVE THAN THE PILGRIMS' GUNS.



BUT JONATHON WAS
STUBBORN....



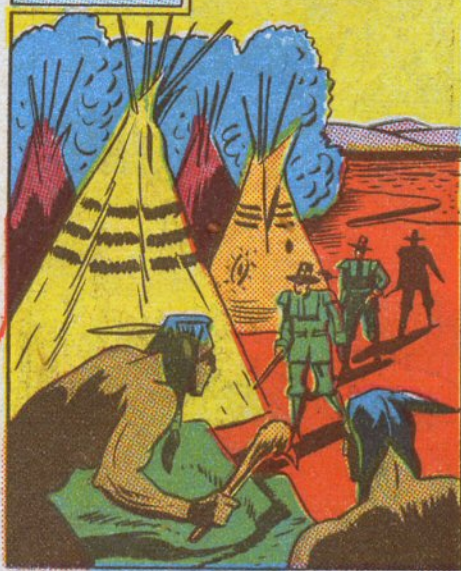
BEFORE HE GOT VERY
FAR....



JONATHON DIDN'T
RETURN...A SEARCH
PARTY WAS SENT OUT..



THE WHOLE PARTY WAS TRAPPED IN THE VILLAGE..THE INDIANS SLAUGHTERED THEM RIGHT AND LEFT.



JONATHON SOUGHT A WAY OUT.



THE INDIANS WILL STOP FIGHTING WHEN THEY SEE THEIR VILLAGE BURNING!



SUDDENLY A CRUEL CLOUT FROM A SAVAGE WAR CLUB SENT JONATHON TO THE GROUND.



AS THE YOUNG BRAVE BENT OVER HIM EAGERLY, JONATHON'S HEAVY MUSKET WENT OFF.



UGH! THEY DIE TOGETHER, PALEFACE AND BRAVE.. GREAT SPIRIT SAY WE MUST BURY THEM AS ONE!



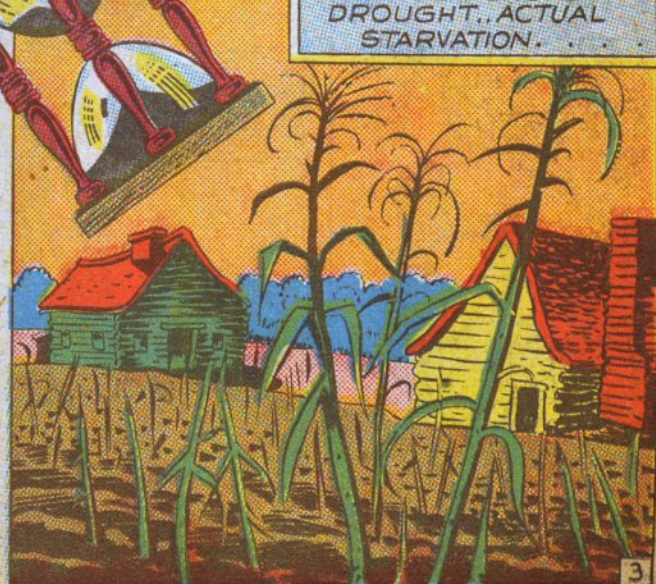
GITCHEE MANITO, THE MIGHTY..TAKE THESE SPIRITS TO YOUR TEEPEE. THEY ARE DEATH BROTHERS!



JONATHON'S GUN AND THE INDIAN CLUB WERE TAKEN AWAY.

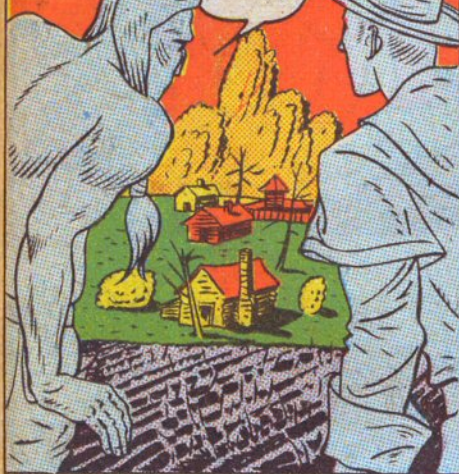


YEARS PASSED.... PLYMOUTH SUFFERED WITH POOR CROPS... DROUGHT.. ACTUAL STARVATION.



ABOVE, TWO PHANTOMS HOVERED.

PALE BROTHER, WE MUST HELP THEM! WE SHALL BRING PEACE BETWEEN MY PEOPLE AND YOURS!



JONATHON'S MUSKET HAD BECOME A PLAYTHING .. ONE DAY IT WENT OFF BY ACCIDENT.

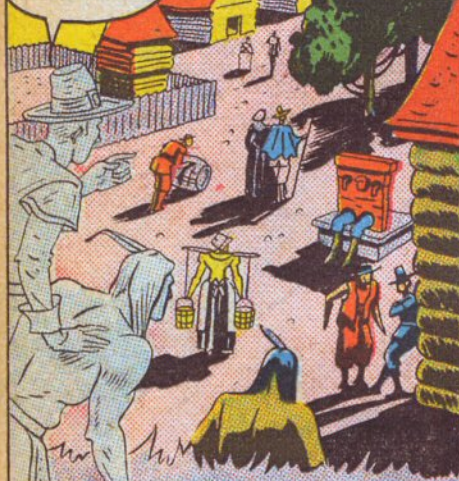


STUPID PAPOOSES! NEARLY KILLED ME!



UGH! GUN HEAP BAD MEDICINE! RUN TO WHITE MEN!

SEE, BROTHER? HE WONDERS AT MY PEOPLE'S STRANGE CUSTOMS .. HE IS TOO AWED TO ENTER THE TOWN..



I GO TO MY TRIBE .. TELL THEM THE PALEFACE WAYS!



COME .. WE ALL SEE THE WHITE VILLAGE .. PALEFACE LOOK FRIENDLY!



SO THE INDIANS CREPT UP TO JONATHON'S VILLAGE.



AND A WHITE LAD INVITED THEM IN.



THE SOULS OF JONATHON AND HIS INDIAN DEATH-BROTHER MERGED INTO LIVING YOUTHS.



FROM THAT TIME ON THERE WAS PEACE.

THERE CAN ALWAYS BE PEACE .. IF MEN PUT THEIR MINDS TO IT!



IF THEY ONLY WOULD..

THE OLD WITCH SPINS ANOTHER EERIE YARN NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS!**



DON SPEEDS OUT IN HIS "LIBERTY STREAK" WITH JUNE BRENT, HIS FIANCEE.

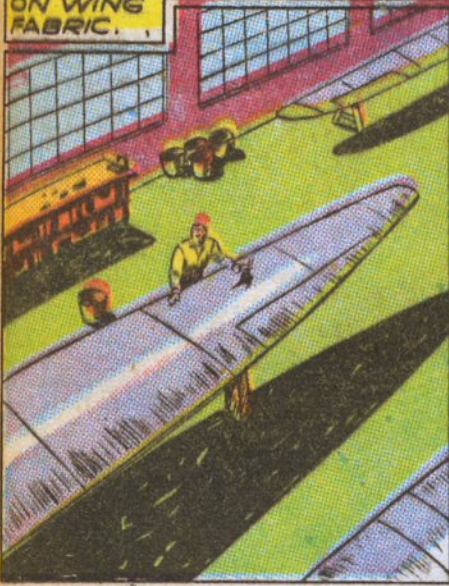
DON...MY BROTHER'S DISAPPEARED. THE AIRCRAFT PLANT WHERE HE WORKED CAN'T GIVE ANY EXPLANATION!

H-M-M... JOHNNY? WASN'T HE A SECRET GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AT ACME AIRCRAFT? THERE WAS A SABOTAGE RING REPORTED... WELL, DON'T WORRY, JUNE! I'M INVESTIGATING NOW!

THAT AFTERNOON DON DRIVES TO THE AVIATION COMPANY.

MY MECHANICAL TRAINING OUGHT TO HELP ME GET A JOB HERE... THEN I CAN WORK FROM THE INSIDE...

DON IS SUCCESSFUL... HE IS PUT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY SPREADING DOPE ON WING FABRIC.



HAVEN'T HEARD AS MUCH AS A WHISPER ABOUT JOHN BRENT.. GOTTA KEEP ON THE JOB THOUGH.. I'M OUT OF DOPE!



BUT AS HE ENTERS THE LOCKER ROOM TO REFILL HIS PAIL...



ONE MAN HURLS A BURNING BRAND INTO THE DEADLY CHAMBER.



FIRE! FIRE!



INSTANTLY CHEMICAL SPRAYS HIS OVER THE FLAMES WHICH ARE GRADUALLY EXTINGUISHED.



DON IS SEIZED ...

WE GOTCHA! PLAYIN' WIT' FIRE, EH?

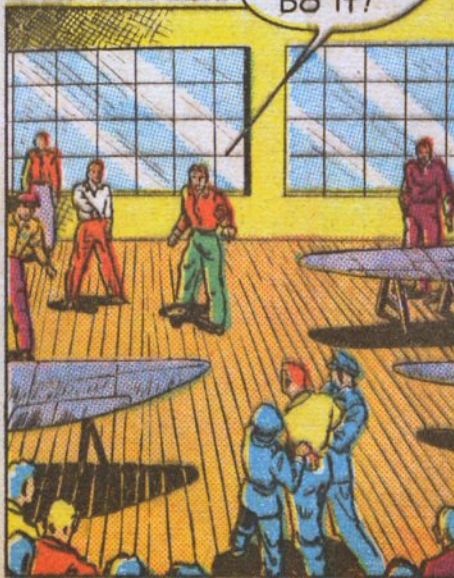
BUT OFFICER..

SHUT UP!



AND THE REAL CULPRIT ACCUSES HIM..

HE STARTED THE FIRE! I SAW HIM DO IT!



I REMEMBER .. THAT GUY WAS NEAR WHEN I WENT FOR DOPE .. I'VE A GOOD IDEA WHO DID START THAT FIRE! COULD THIS BE WHY JOHNNY'S GONE!?



THE GUARDS TRY TO ESCORT DON TO THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE BUT...



HE SHOVES THEM THROUGH AN OPEN DOOR.



THEN HE DASHES FOR THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR.



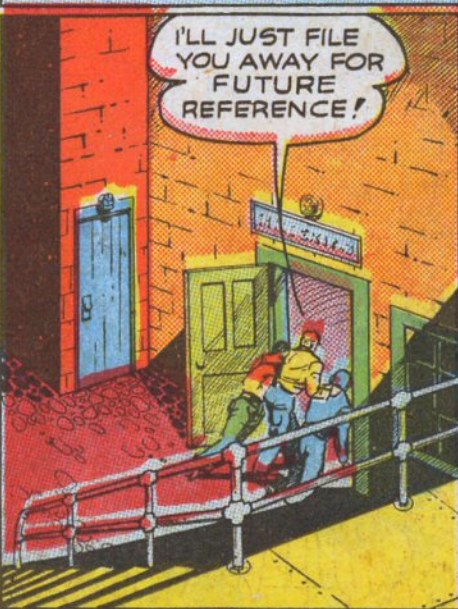
BUT HIS TWO ACCUSERS HAVE GOTTEN THERE FIRST...



AND WHEN I GET THROUGH YOU'LL DO SOME REAL SQUEALING... AND TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!



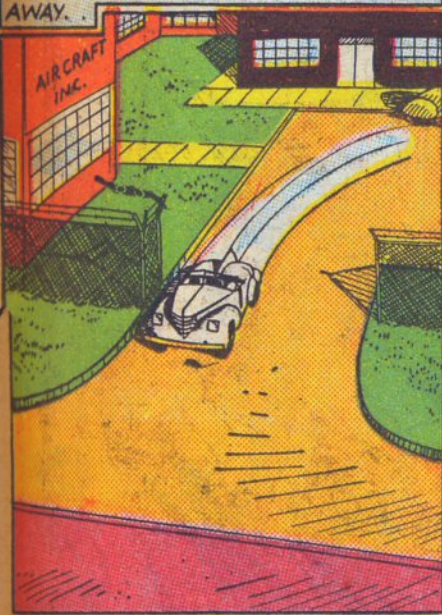
DON DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS MEN TO THE YARD OUTSIDE...



A GUARD'S BULLET STRIKES ONE MAN... DON DRAGS THE OTHER THROUGH THE GATE.



STOWING HIS CAPTIVE IN THE GLORY ROADSTER, DON SPEEDS AWAY.



SUDDENLY...

THE COPS! I DON'T WANT THEIR INTERFERENCE TILL I'VE CLEARED THIS UP MYSELF!



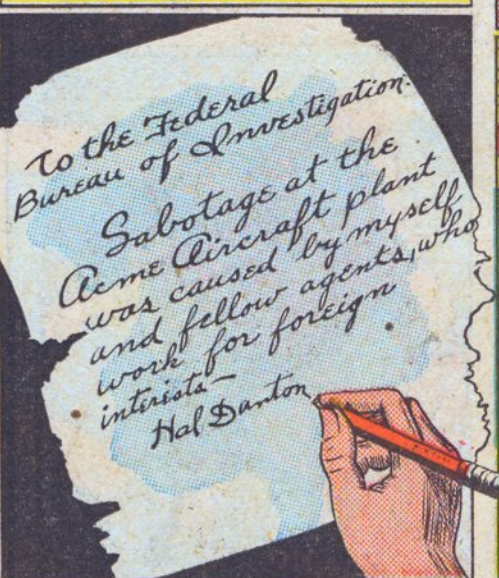
WE'LL JUST PARK ON THIS SIDE ROAD AND YOU'LL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS IF YOU CAN... YOU'RE BADLY SHOT UP!



I STARTED THAT FIRE. YOU GUESSED RIGHT. GOT INTO ACME WITH FAKED REFERENCES. MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE TRUTH AND FINISH CLEAN... I'M WORKING FOR A FOREIGN POWER...



FEEBLY THE DYING MAN SIGNS A CONFESSION.



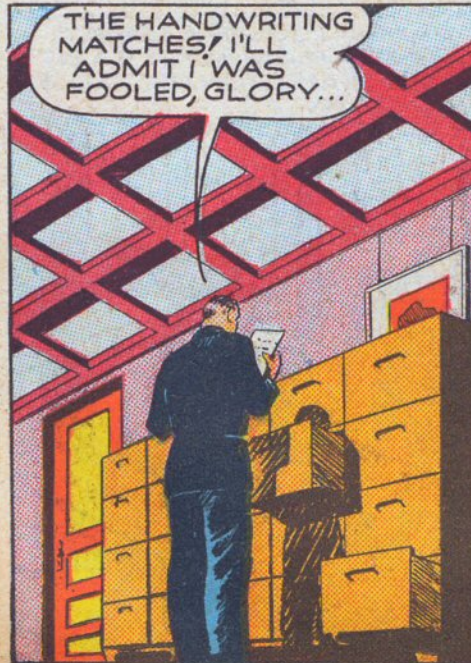
IN A FLASH DON STREAKS DOWN THE ROAD, LEAVING THE SABOTEUR DEAD...



AT THE PLANT THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR SCANS THE NOTE.



THE HANDWRITING MATCHES! I'LL ADMIT I WAS FOOLED, GLORY...



THAT MAN WAS A SABOTAGE RING-LEADER!

I'M NOT SO SURE!

THIS INSPECTOR IS TOO EAGER TO CLOSE THE ISSUE!



DON RETURNS TO HIS DOPE DEPARTMENT, AND . . .



TAKING A LONG CHANCE, HE RACES INTO THEM.



THE MECHANICS ATTACK DON FURIOUSLY, WIELDING HEAVY WRENCHES.



BUT DON IS LIGHTER ON HIS FEET AND FASTER WITH HIS FISTS.



THE SHOP FOREMAN COMES ALONG.



UNSEEN BY DON, A HUSKY WORKMAN CREEPS UP BEHIND.



THE MAN LOOSES A TERRIFIC HAMMER BLOW, BUT IT'S A BIT OFF AIM, AND DON ONLY LOSES HIS BALANCE.



BEFORE HE CAN STAND UP, HIS ASSAILANT HAS SNATCHED THE ROLL OF BILLS.



NOW, DON RECOVERS IN A HURRY...

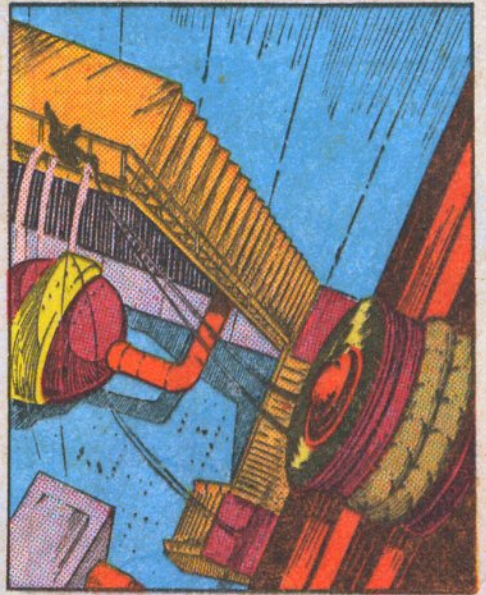
THE CHASE IS GETTING HOT!



THE HUGE WORKMAN LEAPS ATOP A STAMPING PRESS...



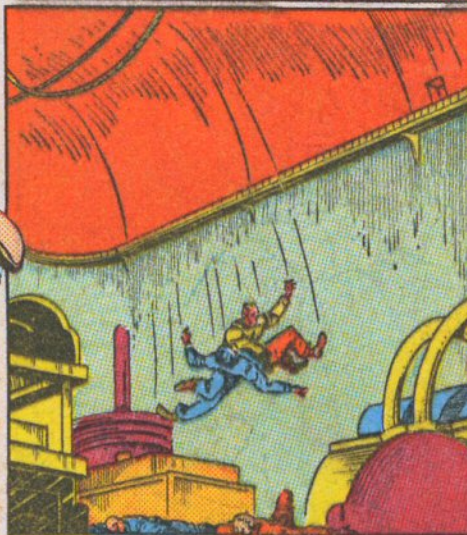
AND DON SWINGS BY A CABLE ROPE TO A STAIRCASE ABOVE THE MACHINE...



WHEN THE MAN IS BELOW HIM, DON DIVES...



TOGETHER THEY HURTLE THROUGH SPACE TO LAND SMACK ON THE UNCONSCIOUS MECHANICS...



BUT DON CONTINUES HIS BUSINESS IMMEDIATELY.



AFTER HE SEARCHES HIS VICTIM'S POCKETS FOR THE MONEY...



HEY! DIDN'T I SEE SOMEBODY JUST SCOOT INTO THAT OFFICE?

DON CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR... A TYPIST LOOKS UP, STARTLED...



J-JUNE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?!

OH, I'M WORKING HERE TOO, UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT JOHNNY!



IT WAS THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR WHO DASHED THROUGH HERE! HE'S A PHONEY AND HE KNOWS WHERE MY BROTHER IS!



THERE! HE'S RACING THROUGH THE YARD TO YOUR CAR NOW!



IN A SECOND, DON DIVES FEET FIRST THROUGH THE WINDOW...



STOP! I'M WARNING YOU...



I'LL HAVE TO STOP YOU THIS WAY THEN!



GUARDS DASH TO THE SCENE...

CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW...JUST GET OUT O' MY WAY!



NOW, MR. GOVERNMENT MAN, WE'LL FIND OUT MORE ABOUT YOU! WE'RE GOING TO THE MANAGER!



I-I'M NOT AN INSPECTOR... I'M WORKING FOR A FOREIGN POWER...JOHN BRENT CAUGHT US, SO WE TOOK HIM TO HULLVILLE, AND THEN I ACTED THE PART AND GOT HIS JOB!



COME ON, JUNE! THE F.B.I. WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM! WE CAN'T KEEP JOHNNY WAITING IN HULLVILLE!



DON GLORY OPPOSES THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY IN NEXT MONTH'S **HIT** COMICS.

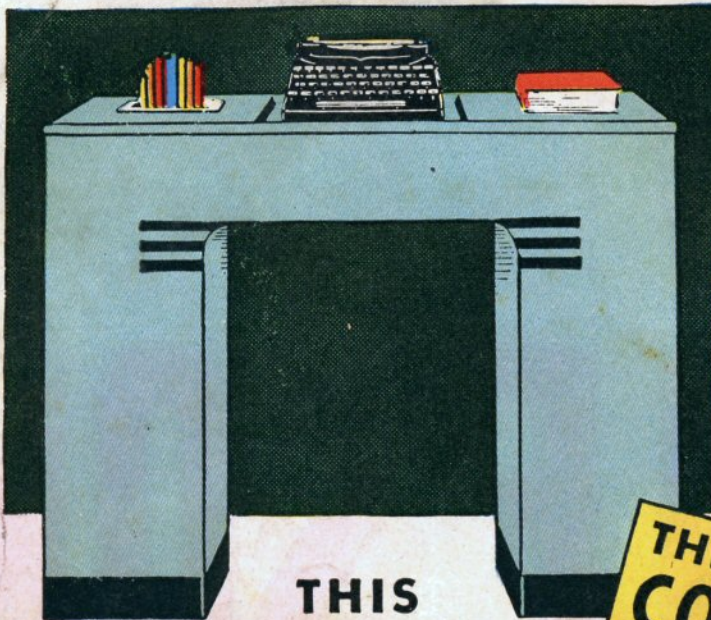
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